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Current Comments

The Prince

IN the eighteenth century a young Englishman of quality destined to take part in public life was expected to complete his education by the Grand Tour of Europe. The civilized world has since so expanded, owing mainly to the energy and enterprise of the British race, that the first of our young men of quality, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has been obliged to divide his Grand Tour into two parts. The second completed, he has returned to a welcome of quite extraordinary warmth accounted for equally by national gratitude for a public service brilliantly performed, and by an affectionate personal regard which has grown far beyond that naturally accorded to the Heir to the Throne. During the war, and since, the nation has had greater opportunities of judging the quality of the Prince of Wales than was the case with any of his predecessors. Its judgment, always favourable, has gradually ripened into the firm conviction that in an age when the institution of monarchy was rocking or disappearing abroad, and when, perhaps, it might not go unchallenged even in England, our Royal House, the sole remaining symbol and link of Empire, has produced a scion destined to establish it more securely than ever in the hearts of the nation. And this conviction springs from the knowledge that the Prince possesses not only all those qualities which fit him for kingship—intelligence, initiative, sympathy and *savoir-faire*—but a lovable personality, in short, that he is a thoroughly good fellow.

His Grand Tour concluded, and his hold on public confidence surely established, the nation will look to the Prince of Wales, after a period of well earned rest, to give

it a lead in its attitude toward those vital aspects of national life which, however much they may be obscured by the sham polemics of party politics, should be lifted to the higher plane of simple patriotism.

It is certain that with his vision broadened by travel, the unmistakable signs of industrial distress evident everywhere at home will inspire in him that strong desire to help his country expressed by his father when still Prince of Wales, in his memorable speech at the Guildhall, "Wake up, England!" While it is true that our troubles are mainly economic, it is equally certain that they arise, not from any inescapable disability inherent in our national situation, but from a distorted outlook tending to class jealousy, sectional selfishness, and "dog-in-the-manger" greed, which paralyse production on the only possible basis of economic competition. If political action be required to improve the mechanism of industry, a revival of patriotism alone can evoke the spirit necessary to ensure its successful working and to realization of the truth that each will gain more if the nation prospers. This is the ideal which has inspired Mr. Baldwin. If he fail, it will be because with all his eloquence and sincerity, the handicap of party politics has prevented him from reaching the hearts of the masses, deeply, but, we believe, not ineradicably, permeated by false doctrine. No nobler task ever lay before an English Prince than to imbue his countrymen with that patriotic pride in their race, their record, and their Empire which alone will arm them with the resolution to win and hold a future worthy of their past. To that task we believe the Prince will dedicate himself, and in it we are confident he will not fail.

Locarno

THE achievement of Locarno is both so great and so unique that some time must elapse before we can view it in its proper perspective. In this number we publish the first impressions of Brig.-General J. H. Morgan, whose articles in the *Quarterly* and *The English Review* on German disarmament, based upon his experience as a member of the Inter-allied Commission of Control in Berlin, are proof that there is probably no competent observer less predisposed to over-sanguine illusions. His testimony, there-

fore, although qualified by cautious restraint, that the foundations of a covenant have been laid which, if it cannot absolutely guarantee peace to the leading European nations, should at least render the danger of war amongst them more remote, carries the greater weight. While it remains true that the value of a contract rests in the last resort upon the good faith of the signatories, and that, if good faith be lacking on the part of one, such contract may operate prejudicially to those others who intended loyally to honour it, it is also true that it may be so buttressed by safeguards and guarantees as to render its breach far more difficult and less likely to succeed. It is unnecessary to labour this point in order to prove that if the Pact initialled at Locarno is formally ratified by the signatory nations it should be less easy to treat it as a "scrap of paper" than the original treaty which guaranteed the inviolability of Belgium. In our view, expressed in previous numbers, the motive inspiring the German offer from which the Pact has evolved, was rather to drive a wedge between England and France—then on the point of military alliance to defend the Rhine frontier—than sincerely to achieve a comprehensive treaty of peace. General Morgan quotes German opinion confirming the truth of this view. Equally we believe that financial considerations, chiefly in regard to urgently necessary loans from America, and credits from England, rather than any altruistic desire for permanent peace, outweighed the powerful Nationalist opposition in the teeth of which Germany's delegates at Locarno gave their adherence to the Pact.

The solid fact, however, remains that the militarist party which threatened to dominate Germany with its creed that by war alone could she realize her destiny, will have been, for the time at least, manœuvred into the background if the Pact is ratified, while all those elements, which either by temperament or interest desire peacefully to follow the path of industrial prosperity, will have triumphed. Nor are they likely to have long to wait before they will be able to show very tangible fruits of their victory. There are good grounds, therefore, for hoping that as these materialize and become more

apparent, while the difficulties of breaking the bonds of the mutual Pact in which Germany has voluntarily engaged herself will tend to increase, unless Europe ceases to produce statesmen, the "will to war" which hitherto has undoubtedly been the dominant factor in German mentality may, perhaps, atrophy for want of exercise. There are still, however, possibilities of divergence before the Pact is formally approved and executed by all the governments concerned. It is almost certain that the interpretation in Germany, England and Italy of the arbitration treaties between Germany and Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, differs greatly from that in Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and France. For the former they mean that it is implicitly admitted that the German eastern frontiers must be modified. For the latter, that they are fixed for ever. As we write, the Nationalist opposition is still active. We believe, however, that the momentum of the forces toward settlement generated at Locarno will be strong enough to overcome these and other obstacles to general agreement.

For us the main consideration is that the security of the Rhine frontier is ensured by the only means upon which we have any right to rely, namely, that we, in conjunction with France and Belgium, are engaged to defend it. Before even the idea was seriously entertained we contemplated the possibility, now realized, that Germany should be reciprocally included in such a bond, and in the form which it has finally taken we see no reason to fear that it has lost in effectiveness; rather should it have gained.

As our readers will remember, for over two years we have urged the necessity of this guarantee of the Rhine frontier as the essential condition of peace between the three dominant nations of Europe—England, France, and Germany. The statesmen to whom it has fallen to solve the problem for their own and future generations have succeeded as far as seems possible to the wit of man. If their solution should not prove enduring the blame must rest not on them but upon their successors. All of them are entitled to the profound gratitude of the nations they represented for an achievement which promises to relieve Europe from another war more devastating than the last.

By common consent the palm must be awarded to our own delegate, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who, by his steadfast devotion to the great purpose which inspired him, his patience, his tact, his straightforwardness, and his modest insistence upon mutual equality, dominated the conference and steered it to a triumphant conclusion. It is no exaggeration to say that his conduct of these epoch-making negotiations has restored British prestige throughout the world to the leading position which it had occupied for a century or more, and which was only compromised by our foolish anxiety to yield to America an influence in world affairs to which she was neither entitled nor competent to maintain, although hoping to buy it with the gold she amassed from her impoverished allies. There has been much speculation as to the attitude of individual members of the Cabinet during the anxious period prior to the conference. The *fait accompli* will doubtless result in some timely trimming. It is at least certain that throughout the negotiations, at one time seriously threatened by the influence of the isolationists, Mr. Chamberlain has always been able to rely upon the unwavering support of the Prime Minister, who is thus entitled to a large share of the credit for a master-stroke of policy without parallel in history.

It would be foolish to pretend that the Conservative Conference at Brighton dissipated the doubts and anxieties which everywhere pervade Conservative circles.

Conservative Policy and Pledges

Colonel Headlam, in the article which we publish this month, states the most favourable case possible for official Conservatism. But a dispirited army is not encouraged by more or less apologetic arguments. It demands action. Mr. Chamberlain's achievement at Locarno in which, as we have said elsewhere, Mr. Baldwin has been perhaps his most reliable supporter, has of course enormously enhanced Cabinet credit. If the Cabinet stand firm in support of Mr. Amery over Mosul, and thus expose the hollowness of the case advanced by the advocates of the scuttle policy, they will have taken a big step toward the restoration of our somewhat shaken prestige in the East.

The Government has certainly once more justified the

tradition of Conservative superiority in the conduct of foreign affairs. At home, Sir William Joynson-Hicks has begun to substitute action for words by arresting a number of declared and alleged Communists accused of sedition. Pending their trial, comment on his action is barred. The Courts will decide whether it was justified or not, but at least he can no longer be accused of inaction.

If we may regard Colonel Headlam's article as an *Apologia*, not for Conservatism, but for its present official heads, it must be admitted that both in his statements and in his omissions he furnishes grounds for the very anxiety he desires to dispel. He is certainly right in saying that the Prime Minister's influence and popularity amongst his followers in both Houses of Parliament were never higher. Why then are Conservatives generally so uneasy? Why are the agents and local organizations dreading meetings in the constituencies? It is because the country knows that its financial situation is truly desperate, that the burden of Imperial and local taxation is intolerable, and that the Government, while confessing their inability to lighten the burden, threaten by their strange hankering after doubtful measures of "social reform," and their readiness to fly to subsidies, to add, not a single straw, but whole bundles, to the nearly broken back of the tax-payer. Yet the only reference to this chief cause of discontent in Colonel Headlam's article is a protest against criticism of the Widows' Pensions Act "because of the additional financial burden that it places on industry and the national revenue." There is nothing in the article to suggest that the writer is aware that drastic economy is an urgent necessity. Neither promise of performance nor excuse for failure. As we entertain no doubt whatever that Colonel Headlam is personally as convinced as ourselves that economies are both possible and desirable, the inference is either that he fails to realize that retrenchment and reduction in taxation are the paramount considerations throughout the country, or else that he can find no excuse for the Government's complete default in this respect. Three-quarters of the electorate have little interest in, and less understanding of, foreign politics, but rates and taxes cannot escape the attention of those who pay them. The

impression which is growing amongst this not unimportant section of the community is that there is a powerful element of a new brand of sentimental Conservatives imagining themselves to be inspired by Disraeli (in his more rhetorical moments) and who, being mostly well provided either with cash, or enthusiasm, or both, are almost as ready as the professed Socialists to sacrifice the uninteresting bourgeois tax- and rate-payers to idealistic schemes of social reform aimed at the uplift of the proletariat.

It is undeniable that there is ground for this belief, and Colonel Headlam rather confirms than dispels it. Most of those who fear, and would most strenuously oppose, such costly and unsound legislative extravagance are as sincerely desirous of improving the conditions of life of the working classes as those who are perpetually devising new forms of sentimental generosity at the expense, not merely of the middle class, but of the prosperity of the community as a whole. Yet they realize both that under present conditions the country cannot afford it, and that it is subtly but rapidly changing the character and sapping the morale of the class it is intended to benefit. When Colonel Headlam claims that the whole object of the Prime Minister and of "his younger followers in the House of Commons is. . . by means of sound and wise measures of reform to remove the real causes of the prevailing discontent," we cannot resist the suspicion that amongst those "real causes" he places last those which we should place first, namely, excessive taxation increasing costs of production, discouraging enterprise and absorbing the margin which should be available for industrial development, on the one hand; and not less important, under-production due to artificial and uneconomic trade union restrictions and the equally artificial excessive wages extorted by the sheltered industries. Colonel Headlam admits that the Prime Minister's appeal to the trade union leaders has fallen upon deaf ears, and that "a firm line of policy" may soon be called for. In our view no apology is needed for Mr. Baldwin's first appeal to the union leaders when the Political Levy Bill was before the House, although we gravely doubt the wisdom of the coal subsidy. There can no longer, however, be any

excuse for delay in grasping the nettle of trade union restriction of industry and interference with the free play of economic law. The political levy, the Trades Disputes Act, "peaceful" picketing, sympathetic strikes and the paralysing of essential services must all be squarely faced at whatever cost or they will ruin the country and render representative government impossible. It is futile to repeat the obvious fact that the temper of the nation is opposed to a dictatorship like that of Mussolini. No sane person thinks otherwise. But if these abuses, which previous weak governments have allowed to become a part of our industrial life, are not removed, we shall inevitably sink into chaos, ruin and civil war. The temper of the country would then undergo a very quick change, and it would seek a dictator to accomplish that which timorous politicians have failed, and feared, to achieve while there was yet time.

It would be foolish to suppose that any government could rid the country of this heavy legacy of abuses without incurring serious risks in the process. It will demand a high degree of courage, statesmanship, and resolution. But the incidental risks can be overcome, and at the worst they are infinitely less dangerous than the certain result if they are not faced. Colonel Headlam is confident that Mr. Baldwin will not fail to face his responsibilities. We have previously expressed the view that his sincere and patient efforts to succeed by conciliation rather than by the power of his majority should enormously strengthen his hands if he is compelled to adopt sterner measures. We believe that he must himself be convinced that there is now no alternative to such measures, and we agree with Colonel Headlam that it will be time enough for the Conservative party to search for a new leader if, and when, the Prime Minister fails to act up to his pledges.

A Bolshevik Plot that Failed

In the early part of this year we received information from a reliable quarter abroad that the Bolsheviks were hatching a plot by which they hoped to accomplish the double object of weakening England, and their cat's-paw Turkey, by inciting her to obstinacy and to war over

Mosul, thus facilitating their own designs upon Persia. The Bolsheviks aimed to push the Turks into war in the early summer, coincidently with the great strike which was to herald the revolution in England. Happily for civilization Bolshevik aspirations usually fall short of realization. But our astonishment may be imagined as we watched the gradual development of the plot, and saw that the Bolsheviks had actually secured more cat's-paws in the British press. For THE ENGLISH REVIEW is not more free from suspicion of Bolshevik sympathies than the newspapers which have blindly backed the Turkish bluff. It is therefore obvious that in their haste to attack the Government they have unwittingly fallen into a trap cleverly baited by the enemy they would most of all have distrusted had they detected his hand. Whatever differences may divide us on questions of domestic policy (and they are few) we should be the last to impute unpatriotic motives to any journal in this country professing Conservative principles. The fact which we have stated is indisputable, as the course of events has shown. The campaign in favour of "scuttle" is bound to fall as flat as Mr. Lloyd George's crusade for nationalization of the land. The Government will not yield to it, and they will be justified by events. Wise men, when they recognize that they have made a mistake, cut their losses. The journals we refer to are conducted by men who are credited with being as wise as they are undoubtedly patriotic.

Mosul

THE *Daily Mail* has attributed to the Colonial Secretary the view that "the British people are bound by a pledge to found and uphold an Arab State in Mesopotamia indefinitely." This is at complete variance with Mr. Amery's utterance at Geneva, where he stated that there was no reason why Iraq should not possess a stable and progressive government, permitting the withdrawal of our active military support prior to the expiration of the twenty-five years suggested by the Boundary Commissioners as the approximate period during which Great Britain should retain mandatory control.

To interpret the Protocol of 1923 as a promise to the British electorate that Iraq should be evacuated in 1928

is an astonishing perversion of the truth, for it was never assumed by Iraqis, or by well-informed Englishmen—even less by the advocates of "scuttle"—that the Government of the new kingdom would be able to exist entirely unaided within seven years of its formation. Regarding the nature of our obligations to Iraqis also, contradictory opinions have been expressed in the columns of the *Daily Mail*. Ignoring his frequent postulations to the effect that we are "in *honour bound* to withdraw from Iraq in 1928," Mr. Lovat Fraser strangely supported his representations in favour of immediate evacuation by the claim that "the Near and Middle East is strewn with treaties and agreements and written promises made within the past eleven years which we have not fulfilled," and by asking why we should be "so definitely bound by the treaty in question." It would be interesting to have an inventory of the broken treaties referred to.

We do not propose now to discuss the actual reason for the attitude of the leaders of the Government's critics. The theories which they have placed before the public were summarized recently by the statement that we are "incurring dangerous liabilities in a country which is alternately desert and swamp and in close proximity to two military powers, Turkey and Bolshevik Russia." It has been proved that, with irrigation, the desert referred to could develop into one of the leading grain- and cotton-growing regions of the world. The swamps produce, already, an abundant supply of rice and, with it, a large proportion of the revenue of Iraq. The proximity of Turkey and Russia requires that the country shall be provided with the strongest possible strategic frontier, although the conflicting interests of Turks and Bolsheviks preclude the present possibility of the two powers co-operating effectively in any military undertaking and deter Turkey from placing herself, in many respects, at the mercy of the Soviet by engaging in an unprovoked war with Great Britain.

The *Daily Mail* urges the Government to reach a friendly understanding with the Turks. With this we are heartily in accord. Closer relations between ourselves and Turkey would be of great benefit to both nations, although the view that they would react favourably upon the

sentiments of the Moslem world is illusory. But genuine friendliness can be based only upon mutual respect. There are many reasons why we should sympathize with the legitimate aspirations of the people of Anatolia. They possess qualities which deserve our admiration; but reciprocation of this friendly feeling cannot be engendered by giving way to the unjustifiable pretensions of those now in authority at Angora, whether resulting from the intrigues of a political clique or the desires of the ill-informed masses as a whole. Our surrender to the claims now put forward would confront us with financial and political difficulties and would place us in a military position altogether untenable, creating in Turkey a well-merited contempt which would preclude the possibility of achieving satisfactory relations in the future.

We differ from the critics of the Government in that we recognize the importance of a military factor whose existence they appear to have ignored. The Arabs, especially the armed tribesmen of Iraq and those who inhabit the frontiers of Palestine, possess martial qualities —valuable or dangerous—which Great Britain recognized during the war. We enlisted their services in support of our cause by means of pledges and proclamations. We cannot betray them now. We offer whole-hearted friendship and assistance to the Turks, with the proviso that we cannot prejudice our relations with the inhabitants of our mandated area. For upon these depend not only the internal security of Iraq and Palestine but, also, the rate of our progress towards the day when, without unwarrantable risk, we shall be able to retire honourably from the task which unavoidable circumstances have compelled us to undertake.

Irish Illusions

THE President of the Irish Free State, Mr. Cosgrave, passing through Paris the other day on his way to Rome, informed a representative of the *Journal* that, "thanks to the beneficent treaty signed on December 6, 1921, the long nightmare has been dissipated. No country in Europe is calmer than Ireland to-day. Crime is rare. We do not know what Communist perils are, and we have ceased to recognize the report of a gunshot." It is certainly true that for the

moment the lust for violence seems to have spent itself and to have been followed by a calm of sheer exhaustion. No one knows better than Mr. Cosgrave that it is not the calm of contentment. It is rather the stagnation arising from disillusion and despair before these have produced the reaction of more or less violent effort to escape from the disaster which daily becomes more obviously inevitable.

For that the very foundations of government in Southern Ireland are insecure as an Irish bog, the next Budget must show. Even if agriculture and industry were flourishing it would be absurd to suppose that a population of little over three millions could support a government of which the chief personnel costs more than that of the United States of America. But agriculture is in a very bad way indeed, and there seems no early prospect of improvement. Manufacturing industries, apart from Guinness's Brewery and a biscuit factory, are almost non-existent. Most of the landed gentry, who were at least taxable, have been driven out of the country and many of them have large unsatisfied claims for compensation. It is notorious that the market in Free State bonds is purely artificial. The only buyer is the Government broker. It is inconceivable that a fresh loan could be floated, a fact upon which, paradoxically, the taxpayer is to be congratulated, as it must hasten the impending collapse. The Government, and the county and municipal councils, are reduced to the most discreditable shifts to delay or evade payment even for essential services. Local government in some districts has almost ceased to function for want of funds. The railways instead of making, as formerly, a profit, are losing £30,000 a week and are nearing the end of their resources. With agricultural exports and trade generally declining their case seems almost hopeless.

The national accounts are presented in a form worthy only of an insolvent South American Republic. They show cash receipts and expenditure, *but no liabilities*. They are vouched for only by a committee of members of the Government. Repeated demands by a few independent members of the Senate and the Dail that the accounts should be professionally audited have been

refused on the ground that the country could not afford the expense!

Under the Treaty the Free State, like Ulster, is bound to make a proportionate contribution to the Imperial exchequer. Ulster's liability amounting up till now to about £18,000,000 has of course been duly discharged. The Free State has not paid a penny of the £20,000,000 estimated to have accrued. Many millions are due to loyalists for compensation, and a serious situation is also arising in regard to non-payment of rent or purchase instalments for farms expropriated under the various Land Acts. Not only will these defaults throw on the British Government the burden of interest and sinking fund on the land stocks carrying a British guarantee, but the Free State already finds itself in the extraordinary position of having compulsorily expropriated farm land for which it has not yet even paid, and being unable to collect the rent from the tenants it has settled upon it.

As if there were not more than enough of existing troubles, indigenous to the soil, the queer collection of amateurs, dreamers, and adventurers whose only service to their country will be to prove that she cannot govern herself and that Sinn Fein is a myth, must needs go out of their way to create a Frankenstein monster on the Shannon. The scheme, under existing conditions in Ireland, is so patently absurd that we will not again waste words upon it. Suffice it to say that there are no visible means of financing it and that were its finance possible it could only result in huge loss. It could never be completed at a less cost than £10,000,000, and it is difficult to see how a bankrupt treasury will be able to find even the cash necessary during the first year or two of construction.

These and equally gloomy facts have been repeatedly stated in this REVIEW. While they have excited a certain amount of spluttering indignation on the part of a few Irish journalists they have not been seriously denied, nor can they be disproved. They furnish a very different explanation of the "idyllic calm" upon which Mr. Cosgrave plumes himself. They are naturally more obvious to the native Irishman than to the majority of Englishmen who are almost as uninformed as to the real

state of affairs in Ireland as if it were Patagonia. Disillusion has set in. Irishmen are beginning to realize that the present Government cannot last much longer and its members are well aware of that fact. The Republicans may return to power, but even they have had time to shed many of their illusions. They know that they will find a bankrupt treasury, and, still worse, an exhausted and dispirited population quite incapable of yielding a revenue sufficient to carry on essential services. Even more important, they know that funds will be lacking to provide those sweets of office without which no self-respecting patriot could be expected to sacrifice himself upon the altar of his country's welfare. They know, moreover, that, if to-day a referendum were taken as to the wishes of the electorate, more than half would vote for the return of English rule.

The problem therefore which is being ruefully revolved in the brains of Irish politicians of all parties is, who is to take the credit, or incur the odium, of making the first move toward inviting the English to resume control, and when? Or, is it possible to return once more to that comfortable shelter without first going through the hell of civil war? Truly a problem calculated to sober the thoughts, mortify the pride, and rend the heart of those flamboyant patriots who so hysterically, and so recently, inaugurated the millennium for "ourselves alone"!

So much for Mr. Cosgrave's "calm." We venture to make but one more prediction, namely, that when, either of necessity or by invitation, the British Government steps in, it will have to administer Southern Ireland for many years to come as a Crown Colony.

So little of the truth about Ireland ever appears in the English press that some of our readers may be surprised to read the views expressed above.

During the period preceding the cowardly surrender to crime which Mr. Cosgrave refers to as "the beneficent treaty signed on December 6, 1921," the Coalition conspirators who were responsible for it used all the influence of Government (greater then than now) to secure silence in the press as to Irish treachery and outrage on the ground that publicity would render more difficult their "beneficent" task of pacification. Once the wretched deed was done there was probably a general

hope that all the magical "benefits" claimed by its perpetrators would actually result. When at a later stage the performances of Irish "Statesmen" gave rise to some doubts, the subject was no longer "good copy." We were supposed to have washed our hands of Ireland, and most Englishmen were frankly bored by a question of which they were heartily glad to be rid. It was even shamefully forgotten that if we were entitled to leave the hostile Southern Irish to stew in their own juice, we had obligations both of honour and contract to the loyalists, whom we had handed over to the tender mercies of the rebels. When it was found that these could get little more justice from the corrupt Government to which we gave place than dispossessed and persecuted owners of property from the Russian Soviet, the same powerful influences were brought to bear against adequate exposure of the Free State swindlers. Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Birkenhead were still impudently calling Heaven (and America) to witness that they had achieved one of the most glorious and "beneficent" acts recorded in history —the permanent pacification of Ireland. We have good reason to believe that Mr. Winston Churchill stoutly resisted the disgraceful treaty, but, as we have said before, it is a pity that as a member of the Cabinet responsible for the surrender he did not resign. Political memories are proverbially short and electorates unduly indulgent in regard to matters which they deem of little direct concern to themselves. Five or six years are, however, a short period in political history and when our prognostications as to the utter failure of the Irish betrayal prove to be correct, we trust that the arch-conspirator, Mr. Lloyd George, who will soon be posturing as the one man to save the country, will be revealed as the prince of political tricksters.

Mr. Lloyd George's New Kites

THAT restless spirit, Mr. Lloyd George, ever in search of a new war-cry, was not long in discovering that the nationalization of the land and the subjection of British farmers to an inquisition of politically-appointed amateur officials had fallen flatter than most of the many nostrums by which he hoped to regain a following. Amongst the Liberals, both Lord Oxford and Sir Alfred Mond have

most unkindly hedged. The agricultural community is contemptuous. The public generally are bored. Mr. Lloyd George has therefore lost no time in providing himself with another plan for the regeneration of Britain and his own rather tattered political fortunes. He has constituted himself the apostle of Prohibition. He has convinced himself that all our troubles arise from the consumption of alcoholic beverages and that the phenomenal prosperity of America is due to the Prohibition of alcohol—which she has not in fact by any means succeeded in abolishing. Until the issue again becomes a live one, by which time it is not improbable that the disastrous results of Prohibition in America will have resulted in its repeal, it is hardly worth while to resume a debate upon its merits, or demerits, which has already been conducted *ad nauseam*. But it is evident that Liberalism must be very hard put to it to invent a platform on which it can still pretend to be alive when it is driven to adopt a measure of rank Socialism like the Nationalization of the land, and another, like Prohibition, which is an absolute negation of that individual liberty which used to be regarded as the fundamental axiom of the Liberal creed. But Mr. Lloyd George is as resourceful as he is adaptable, and if England refuses to go dry, he, at least, will never run dry—of ideas. By this time next year, if not sooner, he will have another.

Wembley and the Tattoo

Now that the great Empire Exhibition is closed, with a deficit on the two years' working of about £2,000,000, it is permissible to speak more plainly than when it was everyone's duty to encourage, rather than to criticize, a venture as admirable in its aim as it was ill-advised in its conception. That so many millions of people actually visited the exhibition, notwithstanding its situation, and that it has undoubtedly provided a splendid advertisement of Dominion resources, may be held to vindicate the judgment of those who selected the site. But those millions would have been multiplied several times had the exhibition been held in Hyde Park or Regent's Park, in our view the only proper choice of sites for a real Empire Exhibition shorn of needless cheap-jack excrescences and side-shows. The grounds at Wembley

were so large as to bewilder the ordinary visitor unable to spend a whole day there, with the result that great numbers never saw more than a part of the exhibits, and those, perhaps, the less important. A greater objection was the distance from the centre of London, entailing considerable expenditure of time and money on the journey. Without the Tattoo the exhibition this year would have been a disastrous failure. No spectacle has ever so touched the public imagination and none has ever equalled it in its appeal to the patriotic instinct of the public. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Government will arrange for its annual revival, preferably in Hyde Park, as well as for visits to the larger provincial centres. Surplus proceeds could be devoted to naval and military charities. In its marvellous display of the results of discipline, its splendid pageantry, and its stirring call to pride in the glorious traditions of our race, it should become a permanent part of our system of national education.

Life on Mars

At the recent annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, reproductions of some exceptionally interesting astronomical photographs were on view. These photographs, taken by Dr. W. H. Wright at the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, California, supply striking evidence of the presence of an extensive and seemingly dense atmosphere surrounding the planet Mars. Using light of different wave-lengths Dr. Wright photographed the planet repeatedly during its unusually close approach last year. The photographs taken with infra red light showed much surface detail, including many of the more prominent dark markings familiar to visual observers, as well as the bright south polar cap. Those taken with violet light, on the other hand, show only faint, vague shades on the disc, apart from the polar cap, which appears greatly enlarged. Still more significant is the fact that when photographs taken with light of the two different wave-lengths are bisected, and one half of the infra red light disc is matched with the opposite half of the violet light disc, the latter half is seen to be very distinctly larger than the former. This seems to be fairly definite proof that the infra red rays give a picture of the actual surface of the planet, where this is not hidden by

thick cloud, the violet rays merely recording on the plate light reflected by the atmospheric envelope; the faint shadings corresponding to varying quantities and densities of cloud and haze in different parts of the Martian air. Professor W. H. Pickering, who has had a longer experience of observing Mars under good conditions than any living astronomer, regards these conclusions, together with others drawn by him from delicate thermo-couple measurements of the heat radiated by the planet made at Mount Wilson and Flagstaff last year, as pointing to the incorrectness of hitherto current ideas as to the rarity of the Martian atmosphere. He thinks that it is now more in accordance with the evidence available to believe that the surface pressure of the air of Mars is as great, or even greater, than that of the earth, and that conditions governing the existence of vegetable and animal life on our neighbouring world may not differ so much from those with which we are familiar, as has been supposed by most astronomers during the past third of a century. On Mars, however, the large oceanic masses of the earth are replaced by elevated desert plateaux, such vegetation and animal life as may exist there being confined to the much warmer depressions which appear to us as the prominent dark markings of the planet. If this view be correct there is no longer any vital physical objection to the idea that an intelligent race of beings may have its home on Mars.

O.M.S.

FAR too much fuss has been made about the O.M.S. (Organization for Maintenance of Supplies). It has been variously regarded as a threat to Labour, freedom, and democracy, a usurpation of the authority of the State, a reactionary menace, etc., etc., according to the point of view or the sensitive nerve of its critics. If a fire occurs in a village unprovided with a fire brigade, one is promptly organized; when recently in Kent a series of rick burnings suggested incendiarism, the farmers immediately organized a motor patrol to protect their property; if a parvenu landlord bars a footpath which the public has long enjoyed, some of them will soon get together to assert their rights, forcibly if necessary. The sublime impudence of the evilly disposed section of "Labour," which numerically we believe to be a negligible minority, in supposing

that the community as a whole would tamely allow themselves to be starved into submission, while the subservient Co-operative Societies were to distribute food and comforts amongst the "workers," or strikers, would be laughable, if it were not a warning that, even in our highly artificial condition of existence, men must still be prepared to defend themselves and their families. The Communists, intoxicated by criminal malignity, must be extraordinarily stupid if they imagine that a nation, which so recently rose in arms against, and defeated, a foreign foe, could be intimidated by a few alien conspirators and their dupes recruited from amongst the dregs of our population. They have only seriously to make the attempt to finish communism in this country by the simple expedients of broken heads, imprisonment, deportation, and the ridicule which follows utter failure. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Clynes, conscious that these forces of lawlessness falsely claiming to represent Labour threaten their own leadership, but afraid to face them squarely, have made the truly preposterous suggestion that the Government should entrust the Trade Unions with the responsibility for maintaining essential services and supplies, while peevishly protesting against the challenge to Labour tyranny of the O.M.S.

In our view it was the duty of the Government openly to call to the service of the State all private citizens capable of rendering effective aid in the maintenance of civil order, of transport, and the distribution of food, fuel, electricity, water and gas. Sir William Joynson-Hicks has only done the next best thing. He has approved the enrolment of all such good citizens by private organizations, and has stated that should occasion arise the Government would be ready to avail itself of their services. The O.M.S. and other associations formed to protect the national safety or welfare are as deserving of the prompt support of all citizens of goodwill as the Territorials. But why so many? There are at least half a dozen, each with a considerable membership and fundamentally similar in aim. In case of need these would be merged into a single Government auxiliary force. As they are all animated by the common purpose of public service they would gain greatly both in usefulness and esteem if before that need arises they would voluntarily merge themselves into one great National Organization.

First Thoughts on the Security Pact

By Brigadier-General J. H. Morgan

(Late Deputy Adjutant-General on the Inter-allied Military Commission of Control in Germany)

(Draftsman of the Rhineland Convention of 1919)

"It is the work of Heaven and not of men," exclaimed an enthusiastic contemporary when the Peace of Westphalia put an end to the tribulations of the Thirty Years' War. Some of the comments in this country on the Treaty of Locarno are pitched in the same key. In France and Germany, where they are nearer realities, comment is much more chastened. Our enthusiasts would do well to ponder on Mr. Chamberlain's modest reminder "What we have done to-day is the beginning and not the end of our task." There is a lot of shoal-water ahead and, for a long time to come, the "Allied" statesmen will have to feel their way, heaving the lead in what is still an uncharted sea. Momentous changes will take place in the next two or three years. It is a great mistake to say of the Pact, as some of its critics have said, that it is a mere "formula" of accommodation, leaving everything exactly as it was before. There will be great changes—either for the better or for the worse. This "Pact" may make war much more remote or it may bring it infinitely nearer—a paradox I will explain in a moment. For the present, the change is unquestionably one for the better. The Allied Governments and Germany, after eleven years' estrangement, are at last on speaking terms. *Es geht nichts über die Gemütlichkeit*, as the German proverb has it—"there's nothing like sociability," and that is true.

There can be no question as to the man to whom is due the main credit for this remarkable transformation, although he would be the last to claim it. It is Mr. Austen Chamberlain. He had, from the commencement, an extraordinarily difficult task, inasmuch, as German newspapers, more or less semi-official, and German statesmen, more or less responsible, were continually soliloquizing aloud from February 9 onwards as to what they expected, and meant to demand, as the price of the

Pact—an end to disarmament, immediate evacuation of the Rhineland in whole or in part, "rectification" of the Eastern frontiers, restoration of German colonies, retractation of "war guilt," and all the rest of it.* In short, the revision of the Treaty of Versailles and the surrender of the keys of the Rhineland garrisons. Sometimes these things crept into the German "Notes." Mr. Chamberlain's method of dealing with them suggests that he must have been studying the precept of the greatest German of all time—"If you want to get the best out of a man, it is wise to begin by persuading him that he already is that which you wish him to be." He met every such obstacle by reminding the German Government that he was dealing with an offer of a Security Pact and nothing else, and by such reiterated expressions, in the House of Commons and elsewhere, of his belief in their good faith that they ended by believing in it themselves. There was no recrimination in his replies and the temptation to score a point, if it was ever felt, was always resisted. A feeling of polite surprise at the intrusion of such stipulations was the most he ever allowed himself—and it was far more effective than any rebuke. The result is the Pact. All that represents a rare triumph of character. One is tempted to believe that in spite of all the cynical things that have been said about diplomacy all down the ages, there really is something in La Bruyère's aphorism that "there are occasions in life when truth and simplicity are the best manœuvring that can be imagined." If Mr. Chamberlain cannot now establish a permanent state of peace in Europe, I do not know who can. He, at least, has succeeded in doing what no other Foreign Secretary of our time has done: he has gained, at one and the same time, the confidence of both the French and the Germans. That in itself is a remarkable achievement.

Let us examine a little closely—as closely as stern exigencies of space and time permit—the terms of this "Truce of God." First as to its form. The seven documents and the Final Protocol have to be read together, there are many cross-references, and there will be plenty of occupation for the commentators for months to come. There

* For examples of such utterances see the present writer's article, "The German Offer," in the June number of this REVIEW.

is a remarkable difference in the preambles to the "Western" and "Eastern" Arbitration Conventions, of which more in a moment, there is room for speculation—and trouble—in the treaties of guarantee between France and her Eastern allies. But, speaking generally, the provisions as to arbitration and sanctions are as complete as they could well be on paper. The attempt, by distinguishing between "violation" and "flagrant violation" of the now sacrosanct territory of the Rhineland, to provide for arbitration before action in the former case, and for action before arbitration in the latter is well conceived, although you don't get rid of difficulties by an adjective, and when I read the words "flagrant violation," as opposed to "violation," I am reminded of the famous *dictum* of a learned judge who said that "gross negligence" is only negligence with a vituperative epithet. As for the terms of reference in regard to arbitration, the Allied conception has triumphed over the German, and the arbitration conventions, instead of being confined to "legal" and excluding "political" disputes, cover both. That is well. But with nothing before me but the *Times* publication of the English text, I prefer to reserve my opinion until I have seen the French and German texts. The worst of a treaty concluded in more languages than one is that serious differences, with serious political consequences, may occur between the different texts, and in the Treaty of Versailles there were some terrible "howlers" in this respect which gave no end of trouble to the Control Commission, led to endless disputes with the German Ministry of Defence, and had to be referred to Paris. There was, in fact, no "marriage of true minds" between the British and French draftsmen. But, subject to the above reservation, it appears to me that the draftsmen have done their work well, and, considering the tremendous pressure under which they worked, the greatest credit is due to Sir Cecil Hurst and his foreign *confrères* for their achievement.

Then as to ratification. This treaty has yet to be approved by the legislatures of the respective countries. Here we Englishmen are at a disadvantage. It is unfortunate that while all our own parliamentary deliberations are in public, those of the Reichstag Foreign Affairs Committee, which is the Reichstag in miniature, may be,

and invariably * are, held *in camera*, and it is the discussions in that committee which will influence the determination of votes in the subsequent debates. There are some things—namely, as to the interpretation put on this treaty by German politicians—that we shall never know, any more than we shall know what inducements prevailed, in those colloquies on the road between Geneva and Berlin between the German plenipotentiaries and their recalcitrant colleagues in the German Cabinet, which, at the eleventh hour, determined the latter to surrender so suddenly so many of the things for which they had publicly contended. Not since Paul on the road to Damascus have wayfarers so suddenly, I had almost said so miraculously, seen the light. One does not require to be a cynic to be curious about this. As regards our own legislature, the Pact will, of course, be approved and, that being so, I hope it will be approved unanimously. If it is to achieve its object, it must be supported by all parties in the House. A fatal responsibility rests upon the Labour Party in this respect. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in his speech of April 10 last, declared that "*even were a pact signed, its life could not be guaranteed beyond that of this* (*Mr. Baldwin's*) *Government.*" If that is still, and remains, his position, it will mean that with a Labour Government in power, or even prospectively in power, the attitude of this country, in the event of a violation of the Rhineland by German (or French) armies will be as uncertain in German minds as was our attitude right up to the beginning of August, 1914. About our *obligations* under the Belgian Neutrality Treaty there was no more doubt than there is now in regard to our obligations under the Treaty of Locarno—every international lawyer of repute in Germany † had insisted, before the catastrophe, on our absolute and individual obligation to intervene; yet, just because the German General

* The Reich Constitution (Reichsverfassung), Art. 35: "The sittings of the Committee are not public unless a two-thirds majority so insists." This Committee is really the deciding voice in foreign affairs, and sits whether the Reichstag is in session or not. See also the Standing Orders of the Reichstag (Geschäftsordnung), Article 34, which prescribes secrecy for this and all other such committees, including the Army Estimates (Budget) Committee.

† The authorities are given in the chapter on "The Neutrality of Belgium" in the present writer's "War, its Conduct and Legal Results," pp. 229–243.

Staff doubted whether we should, in fact, think it worth while to intervene, Germany struck hard and struck quickly. And should a similar impression now develop in Germany, the deterrent efficacy of this pact—and it is the only real efficacy it has—will be gone. Virtue will have gone out of it.

In that case, bad as the situation was in 1914, it will be infinitely worse. Even with a British Expeditionary Force, with concert of staffs, with plans for mobilization and agreement with France as to transport, supplies, area of concentration, formations and all the rest of it, we were too late to save Belgium and almost too late to save France. But in the case of the Pact there are and will be no such military preparations on our part. *Militarily* speaking, the Pact, in fact, *does* nothing. Even the "neutralized" territory, to adopt an entirely inaccurate description of the Rhineland which is much in vogue just now, will, unlike the neutralized territory of Belgium, be defenceless—it is, *ex hypothesi*, "demilitarized." Its inhabitants are German subjects, and neither can nor dare resist German aggression—it would be high treason under German law if they did. Our Control Commission destroyed all the "mobilization facilities" in the Rhineland, save those still required by the armies of occupation, but it could not destroy the railways, and they will be in German hands. The Rhineland can be "violated" by German armies from the East of the Rhine in 24 hours, and there is no military provision whatsoever in the Pact for resisting it. As things now are, or rather will be when the Rhineland is evacuated, it would be several weeks before a new B.E.F. could be mobilized and could reach the Rhineland in the event of a "flagrant violation," and by that time the German armies would be on French soil. Even a British blockade could not be improvised at a moment's notice—it would raise once again all kinds of questions as to rights of American neutrals and, although the German Navy has no submarines, the German coast is well defended by coast batteries, nor is Germany forbidden to protect it with the most effective of all defences—namely, minefields. And it goes without saying that, with the removal of all restrictions on aircraft such as Germany hopes to secure, the Rhineland will be starred with aircraft bases; and between a commercial

aerodrome and a military one there is little or nothing to choose.

Still, the prospect of a British blockade, however much the German General Staff of the future might gamble on the chances of a short war, would be a considerable deterrent. It will be no deterrent at all if the General Staff are led to believe that we shall not intervene when it comes to the point.

And there are joints in the armour of this cuirass of parchment. War has been exorcized with sacramental words on the West as far as mere words can do it; has it been exorcized in the East? The first impression was that it had. But look at the preambles to the Western and Eastern Arbitration treaties. The former, by an elaborate cross-reference, which has to be followed up in the text of the Pact itself, provides that without arbitration Germany and France (or Belgium) "shall in no case attack" each other; the latter contains no such stipulation. All that the Eastern treaties between Germany and Poland (or Czecho-Slovakia) provide is that "all disputes of every kind" shall be referred to arbitration. It is no good saying this is unimportant and a mere matter of words. If it were, why insert the words in the preambles to the Western treaties at all? After all, the whole of these documents are nothing but verbal performances. And if so much value is to be attached to mere words in the former case, *à fortiori*, their omission is equally significant in the latter. But there is more in it than this. No doubt I shall be told that as "all disputes" are to be referred to arbitration, war without arbitration is impliedly, though not expressly, excluded. Is it? Wars have been made before now without a "dispute." Was there, indeed, a "dispute" in 1914? I am reminded of a story. A friend of mine, one of the most distinguished ornaments of our Foreign Office, was accosted in the frescoed corridors of that august building by an importunate caller who, not being satisfied with the former's response, protested, "Do not let us quarrel." "Sir," replied my friend, resenting the familiarity and turning his back on the caller, "It requires two to make a quarrel—Good day." My friend had declared war, but he had declined a dispute. And a wise man who has a grievance does not always join issue with the

other party in a "dispute." If he sees a chance, he prefers an attack to an argument. Germany *has* a grievance against Poland, and its name is "Prussian" Poland. The source of that grievance is the annexation clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. Germany has nowhere in the "Treaty of Locarno" assented to these clauses. She has assented—for the first time voluntarily—to those clauses of the Treaty of Versailles which deal with the West, and to nothing else.

Another joint in the armour: the "Final Protocol" contains certain precatory words by which the high contracting parties "declare their firm conviction" that the attached agreements will "hasten on effectively the disarmament (i.e. European disarmament) provided for in Article 8 of the Covenant." Here we have our old friend the preamble to the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, the non-fulfilment of which preamble Herr Gessler, the German Minister of Defence ever since April 1920 and the right arm of General von Seeckt, has so often prayed in aid as an argument for the non-fulfilment, present or prospective, of those clauses themselves. And if disarmament, i.e. European disarmament, is not "hastenened on" now, and that very quickly, not only will Germany not cease her attempts to restore her military power, but she will be able to argue that, the words of the "Final Protocol" not having materialized, the covenants in the Security Pact do not bind her. That is the worst of accompanying a Pact by a Protocol; prolegomenous words are dangerous—they come home to roost. Herr Gessler let the cat out of the bag in October last. In a remarkable utterance * which, during our General Election, escaped all comment over here, he declared in Berlin on Sunday, October 26: "Of two things, one or the other: either the other Powers will have to execute in their turn all their obligations under the Treaty of Versailles, which stipulates that the disarmament of Germany ought to be the first stage in a general disarmament, or else there must be such a 'political' change as will allow of our constituting *an army corresponding with the international situation and our geographical position.*" Taken in conjunction with

* Reported in *The Times*, *Daily Mail*, and *Echo de Paris* of October 27, 1924. Quoted from the fullest report of the three.

certain army orders and training manuals of General von Seeckt, that means an army able to take the field against any conceivable enemy Power or combination of Powers. It is the clue to the whole policy of *encadrement* which the Control Commission has had to fight for five years. The days of the Control Commission are now numbered; the Committee of Investigation, which was to have followed it, is, according to Herr Stresemann's newspaper,* to vanish into thin air. Cologne is to be evacuated; the Rhineland garrisons of the army of occupation are to be reduced to "skeletons," their left flank exposed, their communications in future a single line, and their withdrawal altogether at an early date to be envisaged. Such are the sacrifices which France has made, and they are considerable.

All this means a speedy return to the "Armed Peace" of 1914 unless two things happen, and happen soon. One is European disarmament, the riddle of the Sphinx, the other is the revision of the Treaty of Versailles—the latter is already held out by the *Tägliche Rundschau* as the argument for ratification at the same time as the French newspapers are acclaiming the Treaty of Locarno as having left the Treaty of Versailles inviolate. If Germany now fails to secure such revision† in the forum of Geneva, the League of Nations may go to pieces. Already it has had its "Leipzig" in Corfu; in Danzig it may find its Waterloo. The optimists believe that with the entrance of Germany into the League we shall see a changed Germany; it is equally probable that we shall see a changed League—not a stronger League, but a weaker one. She will find two great Powers and two lesser Powers in the council of the League who are as "realist" as herself. She will be able to form those unwritten alliances which are not unknown in the atmosphere of Geneva, and the result would be a tremendous tug-of-war which might bring the whole fabric down.

As for German disarmament, the Allied Governments

* *Tägliche Rundschau*, 20 October, 1925.

† Including revision of the *Western* frontier itself. See the remarkable statement by its Berlin correspondent in *The Times* of Oct. 23, wherein it is said that one of the arguments used by Herr Stresemann, in the secret Session of the Foreign Affairs Committee in Berlin, in favour of ratification of the Pact, is that "it does not involve a final renunciation of Alsace and Lorraine."

will now have to do what for six years they have refused to do, with only too good reason as subsequent inspection proved: they will have to accept at their face value German assurances that all the demands which have been resisted for six years have been suddenly complied with. Proof will be impossible, because proof would involve a renewal of control of units without the restrictions that rendered it so futile in 1924. Confirmation could in any case not be complete until the German Army Estimates for next year are produced—the Estimates for this year are too damning. Will there be the same "hustle" evident on all sides to make words look like realities, as was evident as soon as the ink was dry on another "Treaty"—the agreement with Sinn Fein? British troops in Ireland were hurriedly withdrawn, the R.I.C. were as hurriedly disbanded, and the Irish Loyalists were left to their fate, with results which all the world knows. Many of the stipulations of the Irish Agreement are to-day as dead as Queen Anne as the result of this political scuttle. Is it to be the same now with the twin questions of the evacuation of Cologne and the withdrawal of the Control Commission?

Should then this Pact be supported? Yes, with all our heart if not with all our mind. It is an act of faith, rather than of reason, but men have been saved by faith and by faith they have been redeemed. If, as Hegel said, nothing great can be accomplished without passion, it is no less true that nothing heroic can be done without risk. And this Pact is heroic—it is the last effort made, the last that can be made, by European statesmen, whether their motives be pure or whether, as with most of the children of men, they be mixed, to save their common civilization. Other and surer ways, I think, there were, but the time for them has passed. There are some elements in the situation which give us ground for hope. On the last occasion on which I saw Herr Stresemann—it was when I had the honour of entertaining him as my guest in Berlin in the summer of 1923—he propounded to me the view that the German Government's authority at home was hopelessly undermined by the absence of respect it received abroad, in particular by the violations of its sovereignty in the Ruhr. The period of disrespect has passed, and if everything is done, as it should be done,

to remove from a proud nation the feeling of ostracism under which she has suffered so long, Herr Stresemann's heavy burden of converting his political associates of "the Right" not only to acceptance of the Pact but, what is much more important, to loyal observance of it, will be lightened. His own good faith has not, I think, ever been in doubt, and I have said so;* he is a man whom to know is to respect, and he has shown marvellous courage, for up to this time every statesman in Germany—Rathenau, Erzberger and all the rest—who has trod the path of fulfilment of the Treaty (*Erfüllungspolitik*) has had the poniard of the assassin pointed at his back. But we not only owe the Germans the duty of respect; we must be prepared to make concessions, for there is not the slightest doubt that, after a Treaty such as that of Locarno in which Allied conceptions have won all along the line, she will expect them and will never be placated without them. "Colonial mandates"—why not? Colonial expansion would provide a certain safety-valve against dreams of European aggression. The trouble is to know where to find the territory for it—I do not think our Dominions will be prepared to give up their mandates. As to Eastern Europe, while I do not think Germany has any case as to Danzig and the Polish "corridor," I do think, and always have thought, for reasons which I will not elaborate here, that the enforced Partition of Upper Silesia was a great mistake—the Treaty of Versailles created a Polish question where till then it did not exist—and what the League did to decide Partition it can yet undo. As to concessions in the sphere of disarmament, I prefer to reserve what I have to say for the present except this: I would not worry about the problem of *matériel* which is, indeed, insoluble, except as regards Krupp's gun-shop, but I should be very careful, if mine were the responsibility, about making admissions to Germany that she is "totally disarmed," and the military clauses "completely satisfied," for it is very dangerous for the Allied Governments to make admissions which may afterwards be used against them, especially when Article XVI of the Covenant comes to be put in issue. Dangerous, too, because such admissions may also be used against us when European disarmament comes

* In the *Weekly Dispatch*, May 3rd.

up for consideration: the Germans will try to make their establishment the "unit of disarmament," and if there is any reason to suppose that that establishment is "faked," the European States will never be able to agree on their respective quotas. It is all the more dangerous as in this case such admissions will be quite untrue, and there has been far too much of that sort of thing already. To a considerable extent, the Allies will, in this matter of disarmament, have to "cut their losses," and to admit that many of the military clauses are now as unenforceable as they are unfulfilled; one of them, at least, namely, Article 177, always was, as Sir Henry Wilson told me in 1919 it would be, unenforceable. As to the question of "war guilt," let us politely remind our new German friends of their own poet's aphorism "*Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*"* and leave it to the tribunal of history to decide it—another generation than our own must be empanelled to try that issue.

The most hopeful feature about the situation is the attitude of German newspapers of the "Left." Their tone and temper—particularly that of the *Vossische Zeitung*—during the last few days have been admirable. We shall help them best by studiously avoiding saying anything which will embarrass them in their battle with the Right over the acceptance and observance of this Pact, for this battle will decide its ultimate fate. A few months ago the London representative of the most powerful German newspaper of the Left asked my opinion of the proposed Pact, and I answered his question by putting another: "Is Herr Stresemann's offer genuine?" The answer was: "It wasn't at first, perhaps, but we intend to make it so." That is the paradox of the situation; the policy of the Left has been adopted in the teeth of many of his own following by a statesman of the Right, and it is to the influence of the Left that we must largely look for its ultimate success. The seven documents signed at Locarno may seem to enmesh the German Right in a web of their own devising, even as the seven green withes constricted Samson, but nothing but the shearing of their political locks will weaken them —they had nearly half the German electorate behind them

* "The World's history is the World's judgment."

at the last Reichstag elections, and they are strongly entrenched in the army, the police, the bureaucracy, the judiciary, the universities, and the high schools. Will they learn reason? Time alone can answer that question. The trouble about the Prussian character—and, indeed, the Bavarian also—is that it seems to have none of the British instinct for compromise. Hence the ferocity of German political life. Hence also that asperity towards any foreigner who tries to see both sides of the case, and the attitude that "he who is not wholly with us is against us." Two years ago I pleaded with such power as I could command for the evacuation of the Ruhr, the liquidation of the Reparations controversy, and the mutual forgiveness, by the Allies on the one part and the Germans on the other, of all the wrongs they may have inflicted on one another, and nothing could exceed the kindness—I had almost said the rapture—with which the German Press, the "Right" included, treated my little book. A year later, in the sober pages of the *Quarterly Review*, I revealed the truth, without heat and without asperity, about the "disarmament of Germany"—(and let me here say that, as the editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW knows, my article was read in proof and approved by two of our ex-Adjutant Generals before it saw the light, and received an almost unqualified approval from a certain highly responsible official after it had been published, although, of course, its publication was entirely "uninspired")—and I was abused by the German Nationalist Press with almost as much violence as though I had been a member of the German "Left." A small matter, the reader will say, and I agree—I only refer to it as an illustration, supported by personal experience, of the intractable temper of the German Nationalists and their refusal to believe that anyone who does not entirely agree with them can be either honest or sincere; either friendly if a foreigner, or patriotic if a German. In a similar spirit they made a ferocious attack on the whole of the British Delegation of the Control Commission as "commercial spies" in January last, when they discovered that the British were in agreement with the French that Germany had not satisfied the Allied conditions as to disarmament. Well does the *Vossische Zeitung* only this

week warn the German Nationalists that if they reject the Pact they will have shown themselves for all time to be neither "German" nor "National."

The foreigner can only watch this fateful trial of strength during the ensuing weeks between the advocates of intransigeance and the champions of conciliation within the political arena of Germany—watch it and pray for the best. The Allied Governments have done their part, and M. Briand, in particular, has shown a nobility of mind and a tireless energy of purpose which recall the superb saying of Vauvenargues: "In order to execute great things it is necessary to live as if one was never to die." If the issue in Germany is decided in favour of the Pact, European Statesmen will then, as Mr. Chamberlain has said, be at the beginning, not at the end, of their task. What is that task? If one may quote oneself, and there is the authority of Lord Morley for the proposition that one may, I should define it thus:

> Not a single continental state, except the late enemy states acting under compulsion, has abolished conscription. The Germans do not forget this, nor, unfortunately, are they allowed to forget it. And so long as they remember it, and have cause to remember it, so long will the disarmament of Germany be a relative and a hypothetical thing. If international asperities and high-handed acts, which I will not so much as name, keep alive international hatreds, handing them on from father to son, what, short of an armed occupation of the whole of Germany, is going to keep Germany disarmed and demilitarized? If you want peace you must begin with an Act of Oblivion and Indemnity which will blot out on both sides the bitter memories of transgressions like a cloud and of iniquities like a thick cloud. . . . Wherever a country has reached a high degree of engineering and mechanical development, there, in spite of all the international programmes of international idealists, the race, in the event of a sudden resumption of hostilities, will always be to the industrially swift and the battle to the industrially strong. The peace of the world is not to be assured by an eirenicon from the Hague, or an encyclical from Geneva, nor will any international reduction or standardization of military establishments achieve it. Nothing but what the old Puritans called "a change of heart" in the sons of men can ensure it. Material disarmament will never be certain or complete until "moral disarmament" has made it unnecessary.*

If I were a member of the House of Commons, I should vote for this Pact. But I should then go home and say my prayers.

* "The Present State of Germany" (1923), page 105.

London, October 23rd, 1925.

The Prime Minister and His Critics in the Conservative Party

By Lt.-Col. Cuthbert Headlam, D.S.O., M.P.

The reassembling of Parliament, which takes place this month, seems to be a suitable moment for a short consideration of the position in which the Prime Minister and his Government now stand, so far as their own Party is concerned.

If one were to form one's opinion of the political situation merely from a study of the views expressed in certain daily newspapers, one might well believe that Mr. Baldwin and his Cabinet had lost a lot of ground since the General Election, and that, within ten months of their acceptance of office, they had contrived by their foolish disregard of Conservative principles to forfeit the confidence of those who voted for them in October of last year. But the individuals who are responsible for the group of newspapers loudest in its condemnation of the Government's policy, both domestic and foreign, are so clearly inspired by a violent antipathy to the Prime Minister and his policy, that it would be a mistake to base one's appreciation of the situation entirely upon what is published in their columns. Their political vision is so strictly limited, their capacity for reading the signs of the times so microscopic, their love of self-advertisement so notorious, that it is not altogether surprising that they should fail to understand the true meaning of the line of policy adopted by Mr. Baldwin ever since he was entrusted with the leadership of the Conservative Party. Their habit, therefore, of describing him as a Socialist, although it is doubtless employed to arouse the distrust of his followers, may be attributed perhaps to the inability of those responsible for this particular section of the Press to realize the far-reaching changes in political ideals which are taking place so rapidly, and sometimes with such

unhappy results, in the new world in which we are living. The Prime Minister is a Socialist presumably because, with the majority of his younger followers in the House of Commons, the whole object of his policy is to improve the social status of the people of this country and by means of sound and wise measures of reform to remove, so far as is humanly possible, the real causes of the prevailing discontent. It is only by a steady pursuance of a policy of this kind and by its successful accomplishment—better housing, better education, better conditions of labour—that the Conservative Party will be able to justify its existence and to prevent the further spread of subversive doctrines among the working-class community. This is not a policy of cowardly conciliation as it is so often represented; it is a policy of common sense. In this critical age, when the existing social system is admittedly on its trial, it is the task of Conservatives to see that it is not condemned and discarded by the British democracy. They have to prove to the people of this country that with good will and earnest endeavour amongst all classes, they can enjoy a higher standard of living under what is known as the Capitalist System, than would be possible for them under any form of Socialism. All this is so abundantly clear to those who are familiar with the political situation in the industrial areas, that it is surprising how many Conservatives are still to be found living in a past world of their own, seemingly entirely oblivious to everything that has happened since 1914—men and women who fulminate against the Government for "giving way to Labour," who sneer at the Prime Minister's efforts to bring about peace and co-operation in industry, and who utterly condemn such legislation as the Widows and Orphans Pensions Act because of the additional financial burden that it places on industry and the national revenue.

It is mainly due to these two causes—its alleged intimidation by the trade unions and its failure so far to reduce expenditure—that the Government appears to have lost a good deal of its popularity amongst its own supporters. When Mr. Baldwin was returned to power with an unexampled majority in the House of Commons, many unduly optimistic people—"unthinking people,

who think they think"—fondly imagined that prosperity would be restored as if by magic, and that there would be an immediate revival in trade and industry. Now that no such results have been attained in the few months during which the Conservative Party has been in office, it is urged that the Government has made no use of its opportunities. The increase in unemployment in our most important industries, the Labour agitation outside Parliament, culminating in "the surrender to the miners," the continuance of "the Dole," the maintenance of a heavy load of taxation which is an undue burden on industry, are all attributed to the incompetence and weakness of Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues. Old-fashioned Conservatives throughout the country are growing restless, and, inspired by the subtle example of Democracy, are beginning the usual search for the inevitable scapegoat.

The campaign of disparagement directed against the Prime Minister in newspapers which profess to represent Conservative opinion, is a sign of the times therefore that cannot be overlooked. It is always open to doubt how far Editorial comments in the Press really represent public opinion, but it is clear enough that a persistent and daily repetition of the same line of argument—especially if it mainly consists in a bitter attack upon a line of policy for which a particular individual is held up for blame—must sooner or later have an effect upon the public. No one who has been closely in touch with the electorate since the Parliamentary Recess began can fail to have been impressed with the decline in the personal prestige of the Prime Minister. There are more "disgruntled people knocking about the country" than Mr. Baldwin may imagine. In the South of England, and in the rural parts of the country generally, his policy "in surrendering to the miners" in the matter of the coal subsidy has been severely condemned, whilst north of the Trent, and in the industrial areas, it has been looked upon, alike by employers and employed, as a victory extorted from an unwilling Prime Minister by "Organized Labour." For this attitude of mind throughout the country "the cheap Conservative Press" is largely to blame. The object of its proprietors is clearly to belittle Mr. Baldwin

and to reduce the reputation which he gained as the result of the General Election and increased by means of his declared intention of trying, if possible, to remedy the existing social evils by the restoration of peace in industry, without recourse to legislation—a policy in which, it should be remembered, he obtained the support of his entire following in the House of Commons. It is not easy to see what patriotic purpose is served by this particular Press campaign. One can only suppose that it is intended so utterly to discredit Mr. Baldwin as to compel him either to resign the leadership of the Conservative Party or to adopt a policy more in accordance with the wishes of a certain section of his followers. If this is a true interpretation of the situation, the outlook, so far as the future of Conservatism is concerned, is a serious one—for it would imply that a cabal was in existence which might possibly split the Party and so lead to disaster. There is always a danger of internal disruption when any political Party possesses an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, and it would be foolish to overlook the danger to the Conservative Party at the present time. But, so far at any rate, in the history of this Parliament there has been no outward and visible sign of the formation of any plot amongst his ostensible supporters against the Prime Minister. On the contrary, he has steadily increased his influence amongst his followers in the House of Commons, and no one of his colleagues in either House of Parliament enjoys a tenth part of his personal popularity. But of course this Parliament is still young and it is not easy to judge from the events of its first session exactly how matters may develop later on. It is now fairly obvious that Mr. Baldwin's appeal to the Trade Union leaders to put their own house in order has fallen upon deaf ears and that he may be faced before long with a state of things which will call for a firm line of policy if civil disorders are to be avoided. This will be the real testing time for the Prime Minister and for the Conservative Party. Strong and courageous leadership will be required. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Baldwin will not face his responsibilities. Because, so far, he has shown himself a man of peace—determined to gain his object by an appeal to reason rather than by the exercise of force—no one can

venture to say that, should the occasion unhappily arise, he would lack the courage to safeguard individual liberty and to uphold at all costs constitutional government as it is understood in this country. His main difficulty will be that a section of his Party, which is probably stronger outside Parliament than in it, may try to force his hand by losing their heads and by clamouring too insistently in the Press and on the platform for what are known as "strong measures." Irresponsible people are never tired of repeating the platitude, that "the function of a Government is to govern." They are apt to forget that in this country, at any rate, the necessity of repressive measures has to be made evident to the public before they can be adopted effectively, and that any restraint, even if it can be legally justified, upon the freedom of the Press or of free speech, is repugnant to the English people, and so may easily defeat its object.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the future of constitutional government in this country may be at stake during the coming months. Everything will depend upon the attitude of the Conservative Party and its leaders. The one essential thing is that the Party should hold together and trust the man at the helm. A "ginger group" in the House of Commons may be eminently desirable if it is designed to urge on the Government to carry out the economies which are admittedly called for in the public administration. But if any such group were formed at the present time with the purpose of supplanting the present Prime Minister and of replacing him by some other leader, the results might be singularly unfortunate for the Conservative cause, for although Mr. Baldwin, if he chose, would almost certainly retain the support of the bulk of his Party, the constitutional forces would be weakened just at the moment when a united front was essential in the national interest.

The Prime Minister's recent speech at Brighton should do much to reassure his doubting supporters not only as to their leader's conception of Conservatism, but also as to his ability to appreciate his responsibilities as the head of a Conservative Government. After alluding to the growth of extremist propaganda, which he rightly attributed to the exceptional unemployment prevailing

in certain parts of the country, Mr. Baldwin clearly outlined the true functions of his Party.

> We have always stood, as we stand to-day, for the supreme authority of Parliament as representing the will of the majority, for orderly progress, for democratic freedom and for the utmost liberty consistent with the safety of the State.

He then went on to explain that he was fully alive to the dangers which might result from the unchecked activities of a seditious and loquacious minority, and stated in no unmistakable words that the country, in the event of an organized industrial upheaval, could rely upon his Government doing all in its power to protect the interests of the public.

> The Government must maintain law and order. This is its first duty. Its other duty, and it is one which all parties have admitted to exist, is to ensure the maintenance of essential public services.

No pronouncement could be more definite or more in accordance with the recognized conception of the duties of the Executive in this country. If and when Mr. Baldwin fails to act up to his pledge, it will be time enough for the Conservative Party to search for a new leader.

It is profoundly to be hoped, therefore, that the Press attacks against the Prime Minister may have no further inspiration behind them than that which appears on the surface. Is it too much to hope that they may cease? They are grossly unjust to the Prime Minister, and, by constantly underrating his abilities and jeering at his motives, are gravely affecting the interests of his Party in the country. It is unfair in the extreme that at a time when he should receive the undivided support of his followers, Mr. Baldwin should be subjected to these persistent attacks in newspapers professing Conservative views.

Iraq—Mosul

The Moral Obligation

By The Rt. Rev. Charles Gore, D.D.
(Formerly Bishop of Oxford).

As a contribution to a discussion of the political bearings of the Iraq question, I am asked to write a very brief estimate of our moral responsibility in the matter and its bearing on our honour. And yet I am very loth to dissociate the moral from the political aspect of the question. Prestige is a political asset of peculiar importance in the East. Recently I was travelling in Egypt and Palestine and Syria. Everywhere I had evidence of the new spirit of nationalism among Arabs, whether Mohammedan or Christian. Everywhere it was impressed upon me that the rise of Turkish nationalism since the end of the war, and the evident inability of the victorious allies to restrain it, and especially the apparent weakness of Britain, were making a great impression. If, in this new crisis arising in Iraq, we show ourselves unable or unwilling to stand up to Turkey, it is not very easy to exaggerate the loss of prestige we should suffer there and elsewhere, especially in Egypt and Syria. As for the Christians of the old Turkish Empire, if already they have had good cause to appreciate how little they can rely upon us, what will be their feelings if they see us "knuckling under" to Turkey, and practically handing over to their tender mercies the Christians of a district of which especially it was understood we had constituted ourselves the protectors?

Prestige is not the same thing as *la gloire*. It is something much higher. It belongs to a nation if it not only shows itself able to fulfil its intentions, but also shows that its intentions are honourable, and that it cares for its honour.

What is at stake in Iraq is the salvation of the Christian

remnant. For if they are to be left in a year or two to the protection of a reduced Iraq, unsupported by us, and with a quite indefensible frontier against Turkey, they have nothing to hope for. Especially the Assyrians, the remnant of a glorious church, the influence of which once extended right across Asia, need the boundary which we have claimed and Turkey has challenged, for they need the hill country and have hitherto shown themselves quite unsuited to the plains. But it is much more than this. They fought for us, and, as our officers bear witness, they made admirable soldiers. Under our encouragement they incurred the bitter hostility of the Turks, and we pledged ourselves morally to see them safeguarded, and not left helpless before Turkish revenge. If we leave them to perish we shall have broken our faith with them and smirched our honour. They may be "our smallest ally," but they have been to us a very valuable ally. We have consented to use them, and it would be base to desert them.

What we ask of the British public is not that they should embark on any career of reckless chivalry, but simply that they should support their Government, which has informed the League of Nations of its readiness to undertake a prolonged mandate. To do otherwise would not only be to tread a path of dishonour, but also a path which, because it involves a very serious loss of prestige, would lead us into a position of profound political danger.

Iraq—Mosul

[*We have received acknowledgments from many quarters that the two articles on Iraq, by Lord Raglan and Mr. F. W. Chardin (late assistant political officer, Mosul), which we published last month, greatly clarified this somewhat obscure problem. As it will be the subject of debate in the forthcoming session of Parliament, and as it is confused by so much distortion of the facts, we have again invited writers, whose experience of the country in positions of responsibility entitles their views to be regarded as authoritative, to deal with the financial and military aspects of the question. Their conclusions are in flat contradiction of the assertions made by the journals conducting a somewhat hysterical "scuttle" campaign in which all sense of responsibility, of perspective, and even of humour, is lacking. Our contributors are not wanting in definiteness. The statements they have made, if not disproved, are conclusive. We therefore challenge criticism or refutation by the writers who have been maintaining the opposite point of view. If space is not available in their own journals, pages in our next issue will be open to them. Perhaps Lord Beaverbrook's distinguished "special" correspondent, "recalled" because of the inconvenient restrictions of the "censor", will illustrate the economic situation by the unprofitable results of taxicabs in Baghdad since the stores of Air Force petrol have been better guarded.*—ED.]

The Financial Aspect

By Anglo-Iraqi

DOUBT as to the Government's wisdom in agreeing to a prolongation of the Iraq Mandate is, in many cases, due to the reflection that, with our National Exchequer in its present state, it is impossible to justify any further expenditure in the Middle East. As an argument in favour of immediate evacuation of Iraq, it is represented that we have spent in that country since the Armistice a sum amounting to £120,000,000, £150,000,000, or even £210,000,000. That these estimates should vary by £90,000,000 is, perhaps, excusable, since there is no means of calculating what we have lost—or gained—as a result of our advance into Mesopotamia during the war; but

we should not conclude that these figures give any indication as to what we may be called upon to spend in that country in the future; as well might be quoted the expenditure incurred in France since the Armistice.

At the termination of hostilities, in 1918, there was, in Mesopotamia, an army which had been sent there to defeat the Turks or, alternatively, to detach them from their allies. Until then, the future of Iraq had been a minor consideration. Similarly, the initial inability of the Government to reduce expenditure to its present level was not due to the policy for the future. Many of our troops could not be evacuated as they ceased to be required owing to the absence of shipping, and large numbers had to be retained for a considerable period to protect military railways and huge dumps of supplies and munitions, which we could not abandon, and to guard 14,036 Turkish prisoners-of-war. The latter had to be fed, clothed, and paid until they were repatriated in the autumn of 1920. Until May 1921 a strong detachment of the Expeditionary Force was stationed in Northern Persia, where our expenditure would have been incalculable had there been no British base in Iraq; near Baghdad there was a concentration camp for Christian refugees from the interior of Turkey, whose upkeep cost the Government £50,000 a week until 1921; and it was not until the same year that the local troops, whose cost is comparatively low, were sufficiently trained to be able to take over the duties of British and Indian units. These factors led to the retention of a large staff for maintenance and administration.

When the insurrection broke out in 1920 the force of 60,200 combatants was scattered throughout a wide area, performing varied duties, and isolated posts were cut off, when reserves were practically non-existent, requiring the despatch of reinforcements from India. These numbered 15,434, not 30,000 as stated recently in the *Daily Mail*. With their arrival order was restored. The insurgent tribesmen were taught a salutary lesson; and most of the Nationalists who were implicated in the rising are now co-operating with the other parties in the government of the country—a change of opinion demonstrated by the recent loyal telegram from the Iraq Senate

to the Colonial Secretary, signed by the President, Yusuf al Suwaidi, who, in 1920, was the leader of the extremist faction in Baghdad.

There is no reason why the events of 1920 should be repeated, unless we show unpardonable weakness in our dealings with the Turks. The *Daily Mail* is quite incorrect in saying that the Anglo-Iraq Treaty was "modified in response to the urgent appeals of the leading men in Mesopotamia." The individuals who dominate the situation in Iraq are the tribal shaikhs, at present strongly pro-British. The small party of townsmen advocating complete independence consists almost entirely of political charlatans, many of whom are, in reality, the paid agents of foreign intriguers.

The British taxpayer, however, has been called upon to face certain curtailed expenditure in Iraq since the creation of a separate administration for that country. This is due to the fact that the Iraq Government has not been able to bear the whole burden of national defence, owing to low revenue receipts, on the one hand, and frequent military operations in the Kurdish hills, on the other. The disturbed tribal situation near the border, and the unsatisfactory revenue situation, are both the results of uncertainty for the future, which has rendered possible the success of Turkish intrigues with Kurdish chieftains and, at the same time, obstructed commercial enterprise in the interior. For this the propaganda Press in England is entirely responsible. It is not an exaggeration to say that the British public have been compelled to waste millions of pounds in Iraq in order to satisfy the whims of our ill-informed or unscrupulous newspaper proprietors.

But, in spite of many handicaps, the finances of the Iraq Government have been much improved; were the future more certain their condition would be flourishing. The agricultural wealth of the country is potentially greater than that of Egypt; and its mineral resources, now exploitable without international jealousy, should benefit the entire world. It is only the unreasonable hostility to the policy followed, perforce, by Coalition, Conservative, and Labour Governments, which has retarded the growth to puberty of a strong, well-governed

State in a region which has been for centuries a centre of disorder. The recent statement in the *Daily Mail* that "a Financial Mission has just reported that we must find more money for Mesopotamia" is entirely mendacious. It has been suggested only that the British Government should guarantee a loan of £600,000 to the Iraq Government for railway development, which "would bring orders to British industries," and "for which special security might be found in the Customs collected at Basrah."

In the concluding remarks of the Financial Mission's report, after satisfactory comments on the prospects for the future, we read that "an unfavourable decision on the question of the northern frontier must have a very serious effect upon the financial outlook." It is remarkable that, in view of this statement, and in spite of the fact that there is no evidence of a bellicose attitude on the part of Turkey, those who profess to be the champions of economy have been the first to advocate that the Vilayet of Mosul should be surrendered, supporting their arguments by countless misrepresentations and contradictions. Far from being an "arid desert," as we have been told, the Mosul Vilayet is a region of remarkable fertility, upon which a large proportion of the trade of Baghdad depends. Severed from the rich plains which surround the prosperous towns of Kirkuk, Arbil, and Mosul, and with her route to Persia threatened by the proximity of the new Turkish frontier, the Iraq capital would cease to be a centre of commerce. Discontent would be rife; the State would be bankrupt; and Turks or Bolsheviks would hasten to profit by the ensuing disorders. To protect the Anglo-Persian oil-fields in such circumstances we should require a strong force in southern Iraq, where our position would be one of constant difficulties, without hope of improvement.

It is clear that the only policy which the Government can pursue with success in order to conserve our important interests at the head of the Persian Gulf is to continue the present form of administration in an Iraq possessing her present frontiers until an independent and friendly state is able to stand on its own feet. Happily, this has been recognized by every statesman who has held office in this country since the Armistice,

including those who have expressed their regret that the Asquith Ministry, in 1915, initiated the advance to Mosul.

A consideration affecting, to some extent, the arguments for and against evacuation of Iraq on the grounds of expenditure arises from the problem of the Christian minorities. As already mentioned, the British Government was disbursing £50,000 a week for the maintenance of Christian refugees at the close of hostilities. A large proportion of these people are now in the Mosul Vilayet, but there is also in that area the Chaldæan Christian community, the members of which were not molested during the war. For no justifiable reason, the Turks, during the last six months, have instituted ruthless persecution of isolated members of this Church, whose homes are to the north of the border. Four thousand have succeeded in escaping into Iraq, but a larger number have been deported to an unknown destination in the interior. Those who live in Iraq expect to meet a similar fate, should they fall into the hands of the Turks.

Thus, the number of Christians who would follow or precede us on foot to Basrah is by no means inconsiderable. In this respect the *Daily Mail* has again deliberately misrepresented the situation by saying that "out of the whole population (of the Mosul Vilayet) only 55,000 are Christians." The report of the Boundary Commission shows that they number about 116,000. This is possibly a slight over-estimate, but we can reckon that in the Mosul and Baghdad Vilayets there are not less than 140,000 of our co-religionists. After deducting the probable decrease through massacres of men, abduction of girls, and deaths from privation, we must anticipate the arrival of 100,000 penniless refugees—many of the better class—at Basrah, should we withdraw thither. They could not remain permanently in southern Iraq. By reason of their Asiatic blood the Governments of the British Dominions and the United States have signified, already, their refusal to accept them as colonists. India is overpopulated. They would lack the funds to convey themselves to new homes, were there a country willing to receive them, even if transport were available. For the solution of this problem we must turn to the champions of the "bag and baggage" policy.

Iraq—Mosul

The Military Problem

By Staff Officer

An organ of the anti-Government press, referring to the Mosul dispute, has constantly repeated a statement that "the report of the Boundary Commission is unfavourable to the British thesis and, should the Council give a decision against Turkey, the latter makes no secret of her intention of going to war rather than lose Mosul." Without dwelling on the fact that the report was favourable to our thesis in almost every respect, we may consider the possibility of Turkey's going to war for the recovery (not retention) of the Mosul Vilayet. To arrive at any conclusions on this subject we must first ascertain the cause of the present attitude of the Turkish Government.

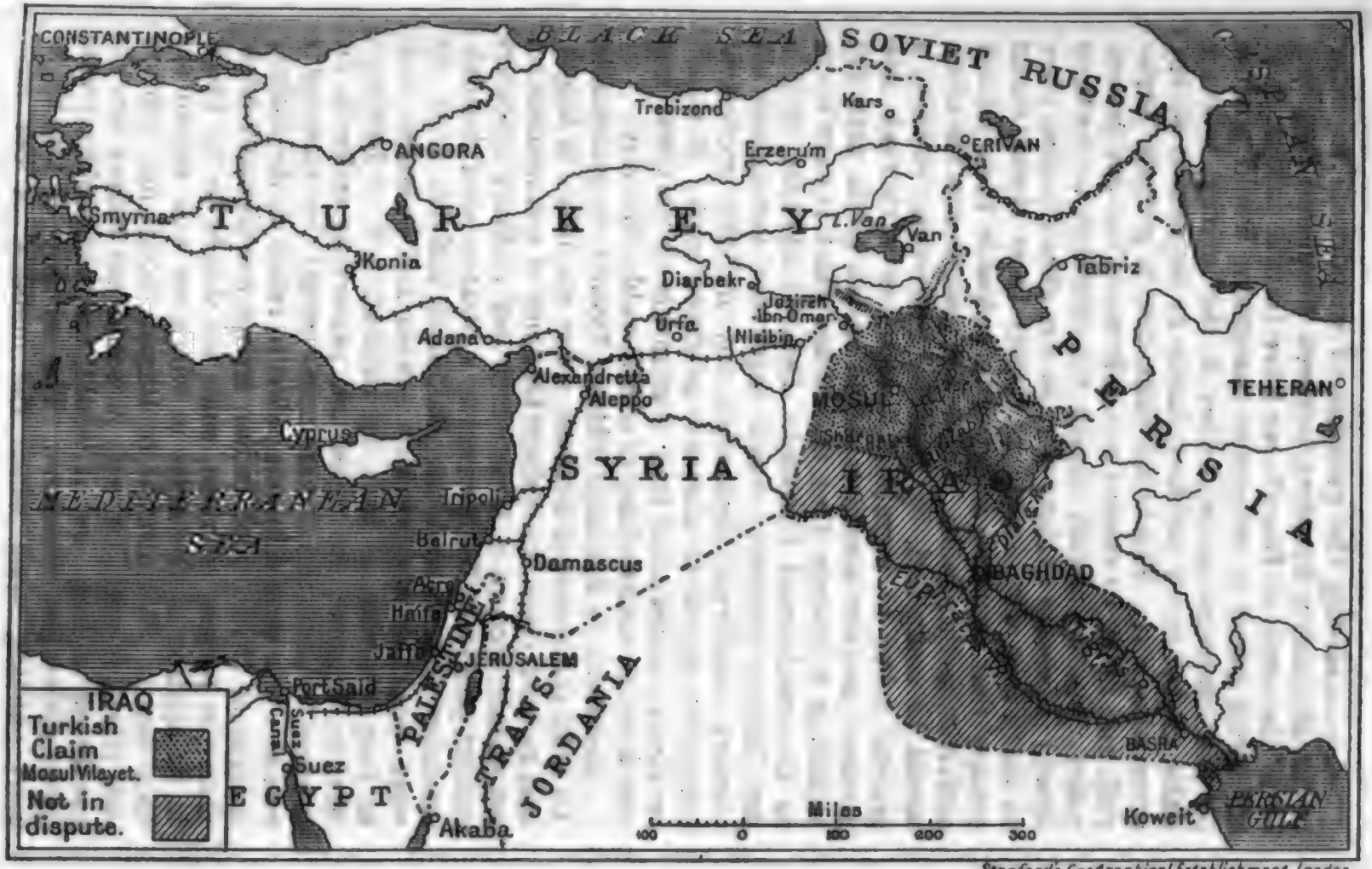
Turkey has known, from the outset of the present negotiations, the weakness of the arguments put forward in support of her claims. The Boundary Commission has proved them to be worthless. On the other hand, it is not possible that the Turks have demanded Mosul on account of its strategic or economic position. Occupation of Mosul, without Baghdad or Basrah, would be nothing less than a serious embarrassment to Turkey, acting as a constant drain on her financial resources and providing continual preoccupation for her troops, while the Vilayet's mineral wealth would be unexploitable owing to the absence of any outlet to the sea—a fact which should be noted by certain speculators and their propaganda agents in this country. And, since Turkey has difficulty in controlling the Kurds within her present borders, she should be willing to leave to another Power those who are to the south of the great dividing wall of mountains which now forms the frontier. Possession of Mosul, therefore, is not vital to Turkey's national interests.

The real cause of Angora's present attitude is probably twofold. In the first place, Mustafa Kemal and his

ministers realize (if others do not) that Mosul is indispensable to the continued existence of the Iraq State. For this reason they believe that a persistent demand for that province will assist them in any negotiations with the British Government on other matters. In this respect Mosul is merely a bargaining counter. Secondly, it must be remembered that the present *régime* in Turkey is, in effect, a quasi-military dictatorship. To remain in office the leaders of the Nationalist Party have been compelled to resort to despotic measures against their opponents, justifying their actions by frequent declarations to the ignorant masses in Turkey that the integrity of the Republic is threatened by the British occupation of Mosul. This demand for Mosul, as a political manœuvre, is probably the chief cause of the present situation. In this, the Nationalists have been assisted by the inept tactlessness of certain of our politicians and journalists. A former Prime Minister has stated publicly that our present policy will lead to an advance to the Black Sea, while a well-known newspaper has uttered repeated warnings of our having, in the future, "a great army locked away about the upper waters of the Tigris." Mustafa Kemal knows that penetration by our troops of the formidable mountain ranges to the north of the Mosul Vilayet would be an operation presenting insuperable difficulties, that it could never be necessary, and that it would not be contemplated by a responsible British Minister. Nevertheless, these remarks have suited his purpose and have, perhaps, aroused some genuine hostility to us in Turkey. In this connection we should consider, as advised by the *Daily Mail*, what happened at Chanak in the autumn of 1922. At that time the Turkish army was operating in its own country, flushed with victory and determined to recover Constantinople and other territory inhabited by Turks; but the show of determination made by the British Government averted a war. A bold front, therefore, would effectively dissuade Angora from embarking upon an adventure in Kurdistan, should this be contemplated in the future. Mustafa Kemal is well aware that, to the north of the Iraq border, his troops have, at present, only a precarious footing; he knows that the *Daily Mail* is correct in saying that

"there would be fierce clansmen behind his legions" were he to embark upon an offensive movement; and he realizes that, in the event of hostilities with a European Power, it would be necessary for him to keep the bulk of his forces in Western Anatolia. In the war for Mosul the advantages would lie with Great Britain.

Our evacuation of the Vilayet would not remove the present causes of friction between Great Britain and those now in power at Angora, but would serve only to encourage the latter to make greater demands; and, since Turkey does not, in reality, require Mosul, there is no apparent reason why our remaining there should lead to hostilities, unless the Turks become unduly inflamed by the propaganda of their friends in this country. Yet we should be seriously negligent if we failed to procure for Iraq the soundest possible strategic position where, if necessary, resistance could be offered in the event of an attempted invasion. It is unquestionable that the frontier now claimed by the British Government is most suitable for this purpose. Beginning on the left bank of the Tigris, opposite French territory, it is alined for twenty-five miles in the Kurdish foothills, following the course of a river which is usually unfordable. Throughout the remainder of its length it lies in the highlands of Hakkiari, along the crests of unscalable, snow-capped mountains and crossing precipitous gorges where there are no roads suitable for use by an invading force. For military purposes, therefore, the proposed frontier is strategically sound and, virtually, only twenty-five miles in length. Its adoption would place within Iraq the homes of the Assyrian Christians, who are of the utmost military importance in view of the martial qualities of their clansmen, and because the units for which they provide recruits form the backbone of the local forces. It can be seen, therefore, without difficulty, that there is no truth in the frequently repeated statement that we are creating to the north of Mosul "a new and more dangerous edition of the Indian frontier problem." The provisional border, which we now hold, is similar to that claimed by the British Government, but less satisfactory for strategic reasons, and because it leaves in Turkish territory the country of the Assyrians.



Stanford's Geographical Establishment, London

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In considering the question of withdrawal to either of the alternative frontiers, between Mosul and Baghdad, or to the north of Basrah, we have to take into account the effect which a retrograde movement would produce on the numerous armed tribes in the interior, who are liable to become a military factor as important as any external enemy. The tribal chiefs are, in general, Anglophil, and likely to remain so while we follow our present policy; but we cannot expect this attitude to continue should it become evident that we are about to give place to the Turks who, seeing us depart from Mosul, would occupy that province in order to redouble their present activities farther south. In such circumstances the chiefs would be compelled, by their own interests, to make a general move to ingratiate themselves with their new masters, and our weakness would arouse in the naturally turbulent tribesmen that fanaticism which is ever latent in the uneducated Oriental. General disorder, with a pro-Turkish tendency, would supervene throughout the country, rendering impossible any military movement before the arrival of adequate reinforcements. It should be clearly understood that evacuation of northern Iraq would be an undertaking of considerable difficulty.

Retention of Baghdad without Mosul is impracticable. To hold the unsound frontier, some 350 miles in length, and to keep open the vulnerable lines of communication we should require a force which our military resources cannot provide. Withdrawal to a position near Amarah, covering Basrah and the Bakhtiari oilfields from the west, would expose northern Arabia and Palestine, and, in Iraq, confront us with the difficult task of holding a frontier of some 270 miles and preserving order in the interior where the inhabitants would be thoroughly restive. We should be compelled to retain in the country a force of British and Indian troops considerably larger than the present garrison, since we should be no longer in occupation of the areas in which we now recruit our local forces. Withdrawal to Basrah would not improve our relations with Turkey; it would not reduce our expenditure in Iraq; but it would, unquestionably, create fresh difficulties elsewhere. The security of the Bakhtiari oilfields, upon which the mobility of our navy

depends, would be seriously affected by such a measure, or by complete evacuation. In considering this question we must remember that we are no longer the close allies of Russia. It is British prestige which deters the Soviet from advancing into Persia, and a stampede in Iraq before we have set up a stable administration would deal this prestige a mortal blow, jeopardizing the safety of the oilfields. In attempting to restore the situation we should come into direct conflict with the Soviet.

A section of the press in this country has not hesitated to make numerous misleading statements regarding the opinions of the General Staff and of military experts on the question of the protection of the oilfields. It is totally incorrect to state that the War Office recognizes as official a text-book on Imperial Defence which observes, that "no additional protection to the oilfields is gained by a holding in Mesopotamia beyond Kurna." Conjectures as to the advisability of an advance to Mosul ten years ago have no connection with the question of withdrawal to-day; and there is no value in the alleged opinion of the "greatest soldier in Europe," who "could say nothing on the political aspect of the situation." It is well known that the frontier line now claimed by Great Britain was selected by the General Staff after careful consideration of its strategic, political, and economic situation.

Finally, we may observe that the anti-Government press has failed to comment on one of the most important aspects of the present controversy. The Arabs, not the Turks, are the natural leaders of Moslem sentiment. Their country is a natural barrier against inroads from the north. They are developing, rapidly, a national consciousness. Is this movement to be sponsored by Great Britain, the chief Moslem Power, or by a despotic Turkish Government, openly free-thinking and associated with the evil genius of the Soviet?

M. Caillaux's Budget

By Politicus

M. CAILLAUX's Budget for 1926, should he survive in office to present it, will be probably the most remarkable financial statement ever submitted to the French Parliament. It could not be otherwise than remarkable, having regard to the man who is responsible for it, and to the extraordinary situation in which France finds herself. M. Caillaux has the reputation of being the greatest financial genius in France, and with French finances in such a deplorable state M. Painlevé held that he ought to have the aid of the best man capable of putting them straight. So in forming his Government he did not hesitate to affront a large section of public opinion and recall M. Caillaux from the political seclusion to which he had been consigned as a result of acts attributed to him during the war.

Gladly, and with that courage which is one of his most striking characteristics, M. Caillaux obeyed the call. He put through the last Budget, though he was not responsible for its provisions. And in doing so he learnt one thing: his reputation as a financier did not inspire the Socialist deputies with any great enthusiasm, though they were his best friends in the days of his adversity, when the hands of most Frenchmen were against him, and he was looked upon as an outlawed politician who had taken farewell of the political arena.

For the Budget of 1926 M. Caillaux is wholly responsible, and the question to be considered is whether his proposals, assuming that they are adopted by Parliament, will rescue France from her financial imbroglio. To do this two elementary things were necessary. At any rate, they were deemed to be essential by British and American financiers when, in the days of the Poincaré *régime*, their counsel and assistance were sought in the interest of the franc which, at a certain moment, threatened to go the way of the paper mark. The pound at this period was worth 120 francs. The first of these things was to increase taxation. This was done. The double decime was instituted in regard to certain sources of revenue. That is to say, 20 per cent. had to be added to the sums due for collection. The other thing was to reduce expenditure. Reduction of expenditure

was promised. What happened? The value of the pound in francs was reduced from 120 to 67.

But the reduction of expenditure was never carried out. It was made the subject of a political campaign by the parties of the Left. And it was a successful campaign, for the Bloc National, the parties of the Right, with whom M. Poincaré had governed, were defeated at the Parliamentary election of May 11 last year. The Radical Socialists and the Socialists had the support of those electors who would have been affected by the economies contemplated by M. Poincaré.

It is apparently an axiom of the present Parliamentary majority that, while taxation has to be increased, there must be no reduction in expenditure; a reduction would necessarily affect the big army of civil servants, and as it is generally assumed that the great majority of them voted for the Bloc des Gauches, they must not be touched, but, on the contrary, assisted. M. Poincaré refused to increase their salaries in spite of their demonstrations in the streets, but the Government of the Left not only improved their positions in keeping with the increased cost of living, but as a reward for their support gave them the authority to form themselves into trade unions for the protection of their interests.

When he returned to the Ministry of Finance M. Caillaux was certainly animated with the desire to reduce expenditure. When, however, the various Government departments submitted their estimates, he made the alarming discovery that, instead of economies having been effected, there were demands for increased expenditure of 3,000,000,000 francs. He was furious. He sent word to the spending departments that if the estimates were not cut down he himself would use the economy axe. This threat was, in part, effective. Estimates were rigorously revised, and the proposed increased expenditure was decreased to a third. So far so good. Still, there are many Frenchmen who consider that M. Caillaux has little to boast about. They hold that, instead of expenditure having been increased by 1,000,000,000 francs, he should have seen to it that it had been appreciably reduced.

The receipts of M. Caillaux's budget have been put at 36,172,000,000 francs, of which 3,440,000,000 francs has to be raised by increased taxation, and the expenditure

at 36,039,000,000 francs. If the budget based on these calculations is accepted by the Chamber a surplus of 133,000,000 francs is envisaged. But no one imagines that M. Caillaux's original projects will be accepted without serious modification. The Finance Commission of the Chamber has made serious inroads upon it, and it is not expected that its report to the Chamber will be passed without revision.

It is useful to indicate the methods by which M. Caillaux hopes to raise the wind. Taxation is to be increased all round. The income tax is to be appreciably augmented. The abatement of 7,000 francs is to remain; deductions of 3,000 francs for a wife, if she earns no salary, and has no income, and for each child under eighteen years of age, and of 2,000 francs for other dependents are allowed. The taxes on salaries and wages which is at present 7·20 per cent. will be increased to 10 per cent. if M. Caillaux's suggestions are adopted. The tax on industrial and commercial profits which at present is 9·60 per cent. will be increased to 15 per cent. without the double decime; agricultural profits which are now taxed 6 per cent. and 7·20 per cent. (with the double decime) will in future be taxed 10 per cent.; the existing 10 per cent. tax on land, whether built upon or not, will be increased to 20 per cent., and the tax on revenue from capital will be increased from 12 to 15 per cent.

There are two new taxes. The first is a supplementary tax on income derived from capital. This tax will be graduated. An income of between 7,000 and 50,000 francs will pay a super-tax of 2½ per cent., 4 per cent. if it is between 50,000 and 100,000 francs, 6 per cent. between 100,000 and 500,000 francs, and 8 per cent. when the income is over this figure.

The other new tax is causing not a little perturbation. It is a tax on what is called "idle property." Possessors of furniture, silver, jewels, pearls, precious stones, pictures, tapestries, books, and other property not denominated of which the value is over 50,000 francs, will be subject to this tax. There will be an abatement of 30,000 francs if the possessor of any of these things is married or is a widower with one or several children depending upon him, and the tax will not be imposed on persons whose "idle property" is not worth more than 50,000 francs. The tax will be 50 centimes per

cent. Owners of idle property will have to declare its value, and insurance policies will be taken as a basis for levying the tax. But if the fisc is not satisfied with the declarations made, an expert can be called in.

In presenting this new tax M. Caillaux has taken a leaf out of the Socialist's book. The taxation of property of this kind was a feature of the Socialist scheme for a levy on capital. This plan was submitted to the Chamber as a substitute for the last Budget, but it was turned down. M. Caillaux, however, took note of the Socialist idea of taxing jewellery, pictures, etc., and has skilfully made use of it, justifying his action by putting forward the contention that idle property should be taxed. This new tax is likely to meet with considerable opposition. The jewellers do not like it. They fear that their sales will be affected. There is a fear, too, that if the tax is accepted the French art treasures may find their way abroad, into the galleries of American collectors, for example.

The dread of heavy taxation bearing the Socialist impress has already had a disturbing effect on capital, and it is no secret that wealthy Frenchmen are sending their capital abroad. M. Caillaux has an idea of the amount of capital that has been exported. He has taken steps for its repatriation, and has suggested a period of grace and of confiscation if his warning is not heeded. Where has the money gone? M. François Coty, the wealthy manufacturer of perfumes, who controls the *Figaro* and expresses his views very forcibly in its columns, suggests that the capital has been sent to neutral banks which pay a very small interest for it, and lend it to Germany who has need of money for her industries.

The value of the reparations that France hopes to obtain from Germany does not figure in the Budget. France's share of reparations resulting from the execution of the Dawes Plan is to be put into a special Sinking Fund, from which the money still necessary for reconstructing the Devastated Regions will be taken. Presumably, also, the German payments will be earmarked for the repayment of war debts. Thus we have the explanation of the French policy that France's capacity to pay can only be determined by what she receives from Germany in the way of reparations.

It must be admitted that there are many Frenchmen

who have very slender hopes of the Dawes Plan working successfully, and there are writers like M. Emile Buré in the *Eclair* who go so far as to say that the American scheme foisted upon the Allies has failed. They argue that if Germany was able to execute the plan for the first year it was because of the money lent to her by the Allies, and they are taking note of the agitation in Germany claiming that the Dawes Plan cannot be executed.

Apart from his Budget worries M. Caillaux has other anxieties. The internal debt has yet to be dealt with. The floating of the Gold Loan was a brilliant idea. It was the first step toward consolidation, and Frenchmen are wondering when the second will be taken, and if the present Minister of Finance will then be in power. It is expected that he will weather through the Budget debates if the franc is stabilized in the vicinity of one hundred to the pound, and it is anticipated that when a favourable opportunity occurs he will make another attempt to reduce the rate of interest that France has to pay in respect of her internal debts. The danger for M. Caillaux lies in his handling of the war debts.

The dramatic collapse of the Washington negotiations led to a great deal of eye-washing in France. There was much talk about the cordial relations between France and America. But the fact remains that M. Caillaux, who was expected to make a funding arrangement, returned to France empty-handed. It was not his fault if he did not come to terms with the Americans, who pride themselves that they place business before sentiment. The fact is that, clever man though he be, M. Caillaux did not know what he had to meet. He is no longer in ignorance. Nor are Frenchmen in the mass. They now find that they fêted Americans and distributed the Cross of the Legion of Honour among them in vain. They are willing to shoulder a heavy Budget, and M. Caillaux has a way with him that will induce them to shoulder it; but the barren result of the Washington negotiations, and the uncompromising attitude of the American negotiators of the French debt funding scheme has produced a wave of revulsion in France against the country which imposed the Versailles Treaty and the Dawes Plan on the Allies, and yet refuses to bear its share of the European burden.

The Helicopter Myth

By Lt.-Col. W. Lockwood Marsh

THE accident to the Brennan helicopter at the beginning of last month raises in an acute form the question of further expenditure of public funds on this machine, which has now been the subject of experiment by its inventor at the taxpayers' expense for seven years or more, at a total cost to date approaching, if not exceeding, £100,000.

There are several points which arise in connection with this matter, and with the subject of helicopters in general, which may be summarized in the following questions: Is the helicopter a practicable proposition? What advantages would it have over the aeroplane? What is the best method of obtaining a satisfactory design? The answer given by all experienced aeronautical engineers to the first question, as to the practicability of the helicopter as a type of flying machine, is in the negative. By this I do not mean to imply that it is impossible to design and construct a machine which will rise vertically from the ground. This has already been done in Austria, France, Spain, and the United States; and it is, in fact, within the capacity of any competent aeroplane designer in this, or any other, country to design a helicopter which to this limited extent would be a flying machine. But, in addition to the mere capacity to rise from the ground, there are many other matters —such as efficiency (in the sense of weight lifted, or speed attained, per horse-power), controllability and safety—to be considered before one can speak of a *practicable* helicopter. In considering first the question of efficiency, it is necessary to compare the fundamental characteristics of the helicopter with those of the aeroplane.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the mechanical reaction which enables an aeroplane to remain in the air is caused by its constantly trying to fall under the action of gravity: thus turning to account the very force of Nature which seems at first sight to be the insuperable obstacle to flight. It is the weight of an aeroplane which causes its wings, pulled rapidly through the air by the propeller, to impart a downward motion to the atmosphere it passes

through, and produce an opposite upward reaction by which it is supported. The helicopter, on the other hand, with its direct-lifting screw directly challenges gravity, and relies upon overcoming it by brute force. This alone is a sufficient argument in favour of the mechanical efficiency of the aeroplane, but there are further impediments inherent in the conception of the helicopter of a purely practical nature. It is not enough that a helicopter should be able to rise vertically from the ground. To be of any practical use it must also be able to move laterally to get from point to point; and, indeed, it must have this power even to remain where it is, if there is any wind blowing. In order to effect this translational movement one of two arrangements must be adopted. Either there must be an ordinary aeroplane propeller, revolving on a horizontal shaft in a vertical plane, to draw the machine on its course, or the helicopter screw must be designed to tilt on its axis for the same purpose. The first of these alternatives means that the helicopter is at any given time carrying a piece of mechanism which is a useless dead-weight for the purpose of the moment, and also necessitates gearing to change the engine-drive over from one piece of mechanism to the other. Furthermore, unless some provision is made for locking the helicopter screw so that two of its arms are fulfilling the functions of an aeroplane wing when travelling horizontally—when the other two arms at once become an obstacle to progress—it will be necessary to provide an entirely separate supporting surface for this manœuvre, which will be a serious bar to vertical motion. The second alternative, of tilting the helicopter screw, implies the provision of gearing and control of an exceedingly complicated, and therefore necessarily heavy, nature. It therefore appears that from its inherent characteristics the helicopter cannot approach the aeroplane in efficiency.

The problem of control in the case of the helicopter is a matter that is not by any means easy to solve, and any solution seems necessarily to imply complicated mechanism, which, again, means added weight and loss of efficiency. This is not the place to discuss details, but it is quite obvious that the question of balancing a machine whose sole means of support is a rapidly revolving screw is a thorny one, and yet—even supposing the somewhat

craven policy of fitting an aeroplane wing with attendant controls for translational movement is adopted—this is the problem that has to be faced every time a helicopter rises from the ground, or comes down to land. It is, of course, extraordinarily fascinating, and fatally easy, to rhapsodize on the delights of a type of flying machine with which the city dweller can start on a flight straight from his house-roof—or the suburbanite from his back garden—but these panegyrics fail to visualize the extreme difficulty of bringing down on a predetermined spot in a confined space a mass of rapidly revolving metal dipping and swaying at every gust of a high wind which, owing to surrounding houses, may be coming from a completely different quarter at 10 ft. up from its direction 20 ft. or 30 ft. higher. The landing of an aeroplane on a prepared aerodrome ten or fifteen miles out of town may have its inconveniences, but it is indubitably a more attractive and easier proposition.

On the score of safety, apart from the question of control already dealt with, the salient characteristic of the helicopter is that immediately the engine stops its means of support disappears. An aeroplane, when engine failure occurs, has to come down, it is true, but the supporting surfaces are not affected, and the motion becomes a simple glide to the ground, during which the machine is just as much under control as when flying normally. The helicopter, momentarily at any rate, is entirely without means of support, and it is a matter of grave conjecture as to what would happen when the screw was, first, put out of gear, and then thrown into gear again after the angle of the blades had been changed, as would be necessary. Whether the support of the freely revolving screw would sufficiently retard the fall to allow the occupants to escape injury, unless it were of inordinate size, and whether the pilot could retain sufficient control over direction to have any choice of landing-place, are also matters of doubt.

We now come to the second of our original questions. What advantages would the helicopter have over the aeroplane? The answer to this is, of course, very much bound up with such matters as efficiency, controllability, and safety that have already been dealt with. It has been pointed out that commercially the helicopter is

useless unless it can get from point to point, while it is inherently impossible that it should be able to compete with the aeroplane in speed, which is, so far as I am aware, the sole *raison d'être* of aviation as a means of transport. This seems to eliminate the helicopter as a commercial competitor of the aeroplane—particularly as its load-carrying efficiency is also inferior—except for its alleged capacity for bringing aviation to the door, the obstacles to which have also already been pointed out. There remains, then, its potential value as a military weapon, which is stated to be the reason for the support given by the Air Ministry. Not being in the confidence of the air staff it behoves one to write with some diffidence on this matter, but, since it possesses an advantage over the aeroplane in neither speed, manœuvrability, nor bomb-carrying capacity, the helicopter's military value presumably can only lie in its supposed capacity to "hover." To any sportsman this alleged desideratum will at once become illusory if he will ask himself whether he would rather back himself to hit a rocketing pheasant or a hovering hawk; and then consider that to the anti-aircraft gunner the parallel between the two birds and the aeroplane and helicopter respectively is exact.

Supposing, however, that all these arguments are fallacious and the helicopter is a practical possibility that it is desirable to develop, the best way to bring it about is for the Air Ministry to ask the Aeronautical Research Committee—who have never yet been consulted—to draw up an exhaustive scheme of research into the various fundamental problems that I have hinted at. The wrong way is to subsidize a single private inventor, however gifted, or to broadcast a prize for competition by other private inventors, both of which have been tried by the British Government without producing a solution. The proper method, if the problem is to be solved, is to put the best brains of the country on to researches, the results of which would, in the ordinary way, become available for everyone.

It must be understood that this article in no way refers to the Cierva "Autogiro"—a machine of great promise—which, despite newspaper reports to the contrary, is not a helicopter, having no provision for vertical movement.

Sowing the Wind in China

The Missionary in Politics

By J. O. P. Bland

"Missionaries are responsible for the only too deep causes of the hatred of foreigners among the Chinese." (KU HUNG-MING, M.A., in "Papers from a Viceroy's Yamen," 1901.)

WRITING on the subject of the disorders in China in the July number of this REVIEW, I observed that "the vocational optimism of missionaries and educationists, which now regards the turbulent activities of the Chinese Students' Union as evidence of 'a spirit of nationalism with which we should all sympathize,' or which takes heart of grace from the alleged Christianity of General Feng Yu-hsiang, is in itself a very natural result of an unchanging professional bias, but there is no denying that it is seriously aggravating the dangers of the situation." Since then, as the result of local and chiefly economic causes, the disorders, which accompanied the anti-British agitation have partially subsided. On the other hand, as the date of the impending Tariff Conference at Peking approaches, there is increasing evidence of a concerted policy on the part of a number of religious and educational societies in England and America, to bring their undeniably powerful influence to bear upon the negotiations, with a view to supporting the politicians of Young China in their demand for the abolition of extra-territoriality and "tariff autonomy," which latter, being interpreted, means abolition of the foreign control of the Maritime Customs. At a conference on American relations with China, held at Baltimore on September 20, a report of the International Missionary Council was adopted by a majority of the delegates present. Opinion on the Council was divided as to "whether the abolition of extra-territoriality should be at one stroke or by progressive steps," but the general sense of the meeting (fairly representative of highbrow uplifters in the United States) was unmistakably in favour of America taking "a position of vigorous leadership" in these international negotiations (shade of President Wilson!), and, if necessary, an independent line, in sympathy with China's alleged aspirations.

A pamphlet entitled "*What is Happening in China*," recently published by Dr. Harold Balme, President of the Shantung Christian University and of the China Association for Christian Higher Education, is manifestly propaganda, inspired by the same motives, and directed towards the same ends. It is published at twopence, and has been widely distributed. The obvious purpose of its author is to bring the moral pressure of the "unco guid" to bear upon the representatives of the Powers in Conference, and on the Governments behind them, for the immediate benefit of Young China; in other words, of the westernized class of politicians, officials and aspirants to office, which owes its origin, and most of its influence abroad, to missionary activities. Dr. Balme, seeking beneath the surface for the real causes of the recent disorders, reviews at some length the political history of the country for the past twenty-five years. The result is special pleading of the kind usual in missionary publications; the reader's sympathies are invoked on behalf of those "who are striving to build Jerusalem out of the chaotic conditions in China." The building of the city of Dr. Balme's dreams and future habitation is to be done by "the small, but resolute, band of patriotic constitutionalists, who have endeavoured in various ways to arouse their fellow-countrymen, and to secure a strong public opinion for the overthrow of military autocracy, and the evolution of an orderly system of parliamentary government." Even allowing for the fact that the missionary profession depends for its livelihood on donations and collections, and that the enthusiasm of its supporters requires to be kept up to the mark by earth-shaking causes and crusades, it is not easy to understand how anyone who has studied recent Chinese history can put his name to windy rhetoric of this kind. There was, until lately, a Parliament sitting in Peking. Can Dr. Balme name a single one of those professing and calling themselves Constitutionalists who ever made any contribution towards the evolution of parliamentary government?

It would, no doubt, be too much to expect the President of the China Association for Christian Higher Education to perceive and proclaim the fact that the present chaotic condition of China and the growth of the

anti-foreign movement throughout the country, are both to a great extent direct results of the religious and educational activities of missionary societies. Nevertheless this is undoubtedly the truth of the matter. It is undeniable, at all events, that the new class of semi-westernized aspirants to public office, which has come to the front since 1900, is chiefly the work of missionary hands. It includes, no doubt, a number of highly intelligent, energetic, and ambitious men, and as a class (thanks to the Press, which it largely controls) it is coherent and organized as the old mandarinate never was. Nevertheless, the very nature of its education makes it an essentially destructive force, incapable of ruling, and unwilling to be ruled. It is a force which, wherever its influence reaches, aims at undermining the ethical restraints, the literary traditions, and the moral standard of Confucianism, without attempting to put in their place anything whereby the world's most venerable type of civilization, and the unity of the Chinese race, may be preserved.

I do not propose to labour the point, sufficiently obvious to every student of political economy, that no satisfactory government is to be expected from a class which has not been educated to sympathize with the needs and deep-rooted beliefs of the common people. Those who desire fuller and accurate information concerning the prospects of the new "Jerusalem" to be built in China under missionary guidance, will find it in the Blue Book, recently compiled and presented to Parliament under the title of "Papers respecting Labour Conditions in China." Especially interesting and valuable is the report submitted by Mr. W. J. Clennell, H.M. Consul at Foochow, a lucid and convincing statement of the reasons which preclude the hope of any rapid improvement of social conditions in China by means of legislation. It is earnestly to be hoped that this authoritative exposition of the essential facts of the situation may receive the attention it deserves, and provide a much-needed corrective to the mischievous propaganda with which sentimental idealists in this country and in America are endeavouring to prejudge the questiont to be discussed by the international conferences as Peking. Space does not permit of more than a few brief

quotations from this timely document. The following will suffice:

> The Government of Foochow fell nearly two years ago into the hands of revolutionary adventurers, and .... has, in effect, been bandied about from one set of adventurers to another ever since. It has never for a moment enjoyed the stability necessary for carrying out reformatory measures. It has subsisted by levying arbitrary loans, by seizing revenues pledged to the creditors of the Chinese Republic, by enforcing the cultivation of, and collecting taxes on, opium, ... and by laying all the taxes it can on whatever appears capable of yielding a tax.

And again:

> The Government of China, or of any Chinese province, or any Government that can come into existence for ages yet in China, is far from being in the position of a Government, ... chosen by, and fairly representing a politically mature and self-conscious people.....
>
> There is not in China the material out of which a Government can be immediately created strong enough to enforce legislation of the kind indicated in the Factory Regulations or the recommendations of the Labour Conferences, and that for the reason that there is no body of citizens sufficiently alive to public interests to see that such legislation is carried out. Nineteen-twentieths of the people are too ignorant and too entirely the creatures of habit to understand the questions at issue intelligently.... The remaining twentieth consists partly of persons in office, partly of persons who (or whose relatives) would like to be in office, partly of noisy agitators engaged in quite unprincipled pursuit of their fortunes, partly of theorists who mistake facility of speech and writing for action, but chiefly of a highly respectable class, merchants, etc., whose whole habit of mind and life utterly disqualifies them from any other meddling with what we should call public affairs than an occasional, generally very timid, protest against some exaction that touches their own pockets.

And, finally:

> The real abuses under which China labours are nepotism and corruption. Both are intimately connected with—indeed, they are, in a sense consequences of—social facts that lie at the root of the better side of the national character.

Here you have the temperate opinions of a trained mind and competent observer. Let us compare them with the opinions upon which Dr. Balme bases his advocacy of the abolition of extra-territoriality and control of the Customs as "handicaps to China's national progress." He asks us, *ab initio*, to remember that "China is an independent nation, possessing her own sovereign rights," all regardless of the fact that, being without either effective government or efficient military forces, the nation is utterly incapable of defending either its independence or its rights, and that these have been maintained, for the last thirty years, solely by virtue of international agreements between the Powers whose interests lie in their maintenance.

Dr. Balme proceeds to ascribe the deplorable conditions, which have become chronic since the inauguration of the Chinese Republic, to "the struggle between the small body of liberal-minded, intelligent, constitutional leaders and a large dominant force of autocratic militarists." He would have us regard these "patriotic constitutionalists" as engaged "in an implacable fight against the forces of reaction"; at the same time, they are "hypersensitive on all national issues, and profoundly suspicious of the motives actuating the foreign Powers." Dr. Balme has lived in China and must know that these "patriotic constitutionalists" have never yet produced a leader, or even a prominent official, who has given any evidence of sincere political convictions steadfastly directed towards definite purposes of constructive reform. The class whose ambitions he so fervently supports has produced clever diplomatists, lawyers, and writers; men who—like Wu Ting-fang at Washington or Chao Hsin-chu at Geneva—are capable of creating abroad a fantastically misleading impression of men and events in China; but Dr. Balme would find it hard to name, from among his "liberal-minded constitutionalists," half a dozen men who have established in their own country a reputation for unswerving devotion to progressive principles and lofty integrity in the public service. As a professed Constitutionalist, the late Sun Yat-sen received wide sympathy and support from political idealists in England and America, but his own countrymen were under no delusions concerning his political principles and ambitions after they had seen them carried into practice at Canton. Nepotism and corruption were even more notoriously flagrant under his administration of that luckless city than under any Viceroy of the old régime. And the evil that he did lives after him.

Since the days of the Burlingame Mission, there have never been lacking those who would destroy the ancient edifice of China's civilization, and rebuild it, in the twinkling of an eye, with electric light, central heating, and the rest—enthusiasts who proclaim their faith in the regenerating virtue of missionary educational activities, and ask sympathy for its product, as the leaven of enlightenment, which shall speedily leaven the lump of

China's medievalism. For these vocational optimists, all the experience of a hundred Yesterdays counts for nothing against the visions of a miraculous To-morrow. Where such visions are the result of a sincere and simple faith in the uplifting power of Christianity, one may respectfully sympathize, even while deploring their results; but where the professional interests of the visionary persistently coincide with the propagation of these delusive ideas, criticism becomes inevitable. The attitude of the missionaries and professors who have encouraged the "Students' Union," and other representatives of Young China, in fomenting political agitation, may fittingly be compared with the attitude formerly adopted by the missionary profession as a whole towards the opium question. For close upon fifty years it formed part of the stock-in-trade of missionary societies, all of which were wont to express their firm belief in China's intention and ability to put an end to opium smoking, if only England would help her to do so by abolishing the Indian trade in the drug. It was a delusion which only wilful blindness could justify, and exposed as such by many competent observers; nevertheless by sheer force of reiteration, it became generally accepted as a moral axiom. Now that the Indian drug has become a smuggler's monopoly, and the increased traffic in native opium one of the principal sources of revenue of Chinese officials, the subject is seldom mentioned in missionary propaganda, and more in sorrow than in anger, when it is. To-day, it is the abolition of extra-territoriality which is to lead a grateful nation down primrose paths of self-development. Yet no one who knows anything of the real condition of China (as Mr. Consul Clennell has described it) can seriously maintain that these conditions can be improved, either by giving jurisdiction over the lives and property of foreigners to the predatory chieftains who misrule the country, or by handing over control of the Maritime Customs to the irresponsible group of politicians which happens for the moment to call itself the Chinese Government. If the advice of Dr. Balme and his friends were followed, the only result would be to enrich a small number of highly intelligent "patriots," and to destroy the last remnants of China's solvency and credit.

Marshal Lyautey

By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond

ALTHOUGH for years I had followed with interest the published accounts of the brilliant career of Marshal Lyautey, it was not until 1920 that I first had the privilege of meeting him. French Morocco was as yet unvisited by tourists, and I planned to spend there my first holiday since 1914. The Marshal was at Fez when we arrived, and was much amused when I told him that it was his work rather than that of the ancient Moorish builders that I had come to see.

A mere outline of the career of a man who gave his native land a country larger than France itself is all that is possible in these pages.

Marshal Lyautey is of ancient lineage, a devout Catholic, and an artist to his finger-tips. For twenty years the inaction and red-tape characteristic of the life of a French cavalry officer in peace time was only varied by two years in Algeria. Lyautey was quick to observe that reforms were long overdue in the colonial service, and his famous pamphlet, "Du Rôle coloniale de l'armée," was the result. It was thought visionary by the authorities, and he was almost in despair when a sudden call to Tonquin came in 1894, and proved the beginning of his life's work.

Lyautey was now forty, and how little he realized what was in store for him is shown by a letter written soon after his arrival in Indo-China. He says: "It is too late to have come here, and at too advanced an age, when opportunities are more and more rare." His letters from Tonquin and Madagascar were published in 1920,* and a few much condensed extracts translated into English, follow.

In an early chapter, written at sea, he tells his sister of his delight the first time he visited an English camp,

* Marshal Lyautey has been a member of the French Academy since 1912.

that of the Lincolnshire Regiment at Singapore. He says: "I revel at the sight of the application of all my ideas—after all, these are not visionary. . . . My arms fall to my sides in despair when I think that in France hardly anyone believes in or wants such things. Regulations are in our blood to such an extent that everyone considers all is lost if the men do not groom their horses to music, and peel potatoes to measured time!" Lyautey adds elsewhere: "These English have initiative in their very blood!"

Through a series of lucky accidents Lyautey, within a few weeks of his arrival in Indo-China, became Gallieni's* Chief-of-Staff. Their first meeting was in Tonquin, and Lyautey relates how, on the evening before an up-country expedition, Gallieni asked for the latest works on military tactics, which Lyautey, he supposed, had brought out. When, with a certain satisfaction, these were shown to him he tied up all in a neat parcel, sealed it, and remarked: "We will leave this here. You will now gain your experience from the real thing!"

The following is characteristic both of Lyautey's vivid style of writing and of the experience through which, under Gallieni, he began his apprenticeship to the art of colonial warfare and administration.

The letter from which I quote is to Lyautey's brother, and is dated May 3, 1895.

"What a day! They assured us that the old market of Yen-Tinh was six hours' march, and at midday, after seven hours' toil, worn out, we had to stop where we could. At the foot of an abominable mountain, reached through quagmires of mud, we stumbled on Gérard's convoy, which had lost all the advantages of its earlier start, and you would have laughed could you have seen me, with friend Chabrol, pushing the hind-quarters of his cattle, who strongly objected, turned on their coolies, and tried every devilish trick to prevent us getting out of the morass.

"We believed we were one day from Song-Gam, and now we are not sure of reaching it in three. After years of neglect the jungle has everywhere invaded the track,

* He constantly refers to Gallieni in the extracts which follow as "the Colonel."

and axe in hand one can only advance a kilometre an hour. We have food for barely three days, and only that because, thanks to a precaution which the Colonel thought superfluous, I took enough for ten instead of eight days. I have been to report to him, and for the first time I have found him really anxious, because, as he says, if the going gets worse, and our direction is wrong, things must become very serious. Then, as rain begins to soak our bags of rice, adding to the gravity of the position, he immediately makes all the necessary arrangements, and gives orders for the next day. And, there being nothing more that can be done, he at once recovers his usual equability.

"He has made a hard and fast rule, whether on the march or elsewhere, to take what he calls his 'Brain Bath' before dinner, that is, an hour's walk in conversation with a companion, not a word about business being allowed. At this moment he is engrossed by a new author, Gabriele D'Annunzio, also the autobiography of John Stuart Mill, which I brought with me, and he has seized. So he discusses nothing but D'Annunzio and Stuart Mill. As I must confess that my thoughts are wholly with Gérard and to-morrow's risks, I cannot refrain from mentioning them, but he cuts me short with: 'Leave all that alone, can't you? The orders are given, all is done that is necessary, what is the use of talking about it? It is as important for you as for me to keep your brain in good working order. Let us, therefore, discuss Stuart Mill, and to-morrow we shall see what will happen.'

"Ten days earlier he gave me a no less salutary lesson. It was the afternoon before Ke-Tuong was taken. The columns were approaching it. The Colonel, having given directions, was installed on a hillock, from which he could follow their respective movements. He sat on a small folding seat, took an English novel from his pocket, and began to read. As for me, I scoured the horizon with my glasses, watching the troops, and remarking aloud on their slowness of movement or what seemed to me their errors of direction. 'Do try and be quiet!' he exclaimed. 'Have you an English book? No! Have you a sketch-book? Yes. Then make me a sketch of the position. It will be very interesting, and while you are doing it you can think of nothing else. The columns are on the march,

it will be two hours before they reach their positions. Till then I don't intend to raise my eyes from my book, nor must you from your sketch. Their leader understands my orders, and if by any chance they have not understood there is nothing to be done. Above all, never send messengers to them while they are on the move, it would only cause confusion, and probably they would not even arrive. Don't fuss, make your sketch, and let me read my old book.'

"At last, about 11 p.m., just as I was dropping off to sleep in my mackintosh rug, in pouring rain, the Colonel's orderly officer, Lt. Boucabeille, pulls my feet. A messenger has arrived from Gérard with this *billet-doux*: 'At 5 o'clock a reconnoitering party signalled to us that a camp of 500 brigands was forty-five minutes ahead, on to-morrow's route. I have taken it. It was A-Than's band. They have dispersed in the woods in front of us, my guides have disappeared, my men are worn out, probably there is serious work in store for us. I must have Lyautey to-morrow, with some of your forces. We shall not advance much further.'

"This is the kind of literature which keeps you warm, as you lie next a comrade who is shivering from fever, exposed to rain which inundates the men, the bread, and the rice. 'Shall I tell the Colonel?' Boucabeille asks. 'Ma foi, no! There is nothing to be done to-night. We do not need him to give orders, and his repose is our best trump card.'

"We rose later on to get under way. 'Well,' cries the Colonel, bending over his rubber basin, 'all goes well?' I told him what had happened, and that I was starting at once with the relief force. 'Why did you not come to me?' I gave him my reasons. He held out his hand saying: 'My compliments. Certainly you understand.'

"At last, on the 6th, we reached the Song-Gam at Dai-Thi, after two days which I will not describe, cutting, scrambling, walking in water—compass, rice, and biscuits. At any rate, if we moved slowly, we made no mistakes in direction, and the Colonel paid me a great compliment in few words, as is his custom.

"A day's bread ration awaited us at the native out-

post of Dai-Thi, where ten days ago I had told Chiem-Hoa to send it on the 4th. It is not mouldy, and the joy of the men was amusing. One of them on seeing the pile of provisions began to perform the Buddhist chin-chin, face to the ground.

"The fact is that the Colonel has but one thought, to reach Tuyen-Quan as quickly as possible. We are on the verge of the rainy season, our three storms were clear warnings, and when it definitely sets in, all will be finished. The rivers will rise seven metres, the valleys become bogs, it would be absolute disaster. The Colonel did not hesitate, which is what I admire. He knew what an effort he was demanding, for every evening the officers in command of the various units said to him: 'The men require a day's rest,' and it was impossible to give it. This is a lesson, and as he was born under a lucky star, success attended him. Only four hours after we were established in good quarters at Tuyen-Quan the rain began. A detachment which remained behind yesterday stuck in the mud. The men praise the Colonel to the skies, and look on him as one who *knew* that the rain would begin when it did. It is, indeed, interesting to be with this forty-five-year-old chief."

An Order of the Day, thanking the troops, was handed to Lyautey by Gallieni, "who added a cordial word about my *début* as Chief-of-Staff of the Jungle! For the first time he spoke of the food crisis at Na-Ri. 'You must admit,' he said, 'that you went through a bad time. I also. I heard everything, and for a moment I thought you were in the soup. But I listened while you gave orders, there was no more to be done except to leave you alone, which I did.'

"I have made the pilgrimage.* All is much as it was left. I saw the salient of the citadel, enfiladed everywhere, where with every breach open the 600 for three months made a living rampart of their bodies against the furious onslaught of 15,000 Chinese. They evoke Demoné, the calm hero who refused to receive an emissary lest his situation might be known, and thus compromise the success of the relief of Lang-Son, which was taking place at the same time. The sonnets of Borelli sound in

* In allusion to a heroic defence, a Verdun on a small scale.

one's ears, and at the gate of the citadel is the little cemetery, full of closely-placed graves.

"Yes, '*ça vous coupe,*' as they say, but still, even if one has suffered only slight hardships, it makes one feel nearer to them than at Meaux, at the club, or in a salon in Paris."

Writing from a river steamer, Lyautey a few days later says: "This time it really is finished, and already I feel the warning nausea of headquarters, of the bureau, the rules, the fixed hours. Ah, no! I am not there yet, and I will not believe in it—and *vive la brosse!*"

A couple of years later Lyautey was transferred to Madagascar, and I quote an account of a characteristic incident there, for, as I have heard him say, his motto is: "Hit hard. Then shake hands."

The letter is to his brother, and is dated May 24, 1897, from Antsatrana, Madagascar:

"I re-open my letter to add a sensational piece of news—Rabezavana gave himself up this morning.

"On the 2nd I heard from Captain Raymond that according to information he had, Rabezavana was at the end of his resources, that the capture of his animals and reserves was the finishing stroke, he could find nothing to live on in a devastated country, his followers were leaving him in groups, that the fruit was ripe, and that to gather it needed only a rapid demonstration of force. I left by a forced march before daybreak the day before yesterday with the column, and arrived yesterday evening. At sunrise a letter from Raymond announced that the gentleman had presented himself at the outposts, and would be here in two hours. No one had the slightest suspicion of it. I had kept the secret absolutely to myself, for fear of failure. As there was now no doubt, I dictated a telegram to the General,* to be kept ready to send by signal as soon as the matter was concluded. At the first word the pen fell from the hand of my interpreter-secretary, who speaks French like you or I, and certainly writes it better than I. 'Is it really Rabezavana that you mean, my Commandant?' 'Certainly.' 'Then the insurrection is finished?' 'Certainly.'

"I was in a high fever, but it was necessary to appear

* Gallieni, now General.

at my best. My good doctor had given me an injection of quinine, and I was on my feet. I occupied the great hall of audience which had belonged to Rabezavana himself, opening on a vast court. The column lined the two sides, and all these good people, colonial infantry, Algerian tirailleurs, Malgaches, Senegalese, who had not ceased to fight for two years, had smartened up their uniforms and put on their medals.

"Preceded by Raymond, Rabezavana arrived on horseback, followed by 500 warriors, all that remained faithful, armed with quick-firing rifles, who would certainly have given us a lot of trouble had they had enough to eat. As soon as he entered the hall of audience he got off his horse, his men threw down their rifles in a heap, and prostrated themselves, while their chief, at my feet, in spite of my attempts to raise him, recited a discourse of submission, which was translated to me sentence by sentence. Finally, he drew his ring from his finger, an uncut piece of coral mounted in gold, and said: 'This is my commander's ring. I command no longer. Take it so that all may know that in future it is you who command.'

"I put it on my finger, and it was the signal for a great acclamation. If God grants me life you will see it some day on my watch-chain, for I never intend to part with it.

"I had promised Rabezavana his life, but nothing more. He expected deportation at least, and in his weariness it was all he desired. After having sounded the good fellow, and talked to his emissaries, I took a bold step. It was to give him his liberty and even reinstate him in his former command, entrusting him with the pacification and restoration of this region, where everyone knows and respects him. He still wonders whether he is dreaming or not. He has just dined with us, and at the bottom of our cases we found a bottle of champagne, to which he did honour, falling back into his old habits of a civilized high Hova functionary, accustomed to frequent the best circles, as was evident from his behaviour at table. To-morrow I shall start on tour with him, wearing his ring, but he will act as intermediary to bring back the unhappy population to their homes and

restore the devastated country. I shall soon see whether I have made a mistake or not.

"And really, without exaggeration, it has been a good day, full of accomplishments and of prospects of to-morrows. And long live the Gallieni method! Yet once again it has proved the true colonial system."

Lyautey came home on leave in 1900, after a severe attack of black-water fever. He was promoted General of Division in 1903, and when commanding at Oran, in 1907, became High Commissioner for the "Confines Morocains."

Leaving Oran in 1910 to take command of the 10th Army Corps, he remained only a short time in France, being sent to Casablanca after the rebellion by a pretended descendant of the Prophet, secretly assisted by Germany. In 1911 the Berbers besieged Fez, the Sultan called on France for aid, and Fez and Meknes were occupied by French troops at his request. In the August of that year the Agadir incident took place, and by a strange irony of fate it was not only Grey, but also Lloyd George and Ramsay Macdonald who protested in the House against German pretensions. The Treaty of Fez, by which the Sultan of Morocco accepted the French protectorate, was signed on March 30, 1912. Within a month, on April 28, a mutiny at Fez was followed by another Berber attack on the city. Lyautey was thereupon appointed Resident-General and the miracle of modern Morocco commenced to take place, the rapid progress of the country in the path of civilization starting immediately.

On the outbreak of the Great War Lyautey was requested to retire to the coast and send nearly all his troops to France. But he refused to give up an inch of territory, a decision which may well have been the saving of the allied cause, as Morocco would soon have been a German base in spite of all precautions to the contrary. Lyautey, however, obeyed in so far as sending troops was concerned, denuding the country of them. By what was no less than a miracle he not only raised large bodies of fine Moroccan soldiers, trained them, and sent them to Europe, but also with the aid of the great Atlas chiefs, and by his own dominating personality, he greatly extended the area of pacification, constructed roads and

a light railway, and supplied France with huge quantities of meat and vegetables. Markets were opened everywhere, and at a time when France and ourselves were fighting for our lives Morocco was humming with prosperity.

On December 13th, 1916, Lyautey became Minister of War. But after three months in France he resigned and returned to Morocco. Visiting London during his term of office, he happened to arrive on the evening of the ever-memorable telegram announcing the Russian revolution, and while our politicians were rejoicing at what they believed would lead to a renewed effort on behalf of the allies, Lyautey, as he told me himself, looked on the upheaval as the end of what he considered a semi-oriental State, only possible to govern for years to come by a single strong hand.

In the new Morocco the Gallieni method, summarized in the saying that "every nest of brigands destroyed means a market to be established the following day," was carried into effect. Ample and well-paid work was found for the natives on the roads and new buildings in the towns. Men who had buried their money and treasure dug them up again, secure under the French flag. Nor were the arts forgotten. Museums were founded. Schools to revive former industries were opened. Agricultural colleges arose. The Residency itself was full of interesting collections of native pottery, leatherwork, embroidery, bronzes, and weapons, together with ancient bookbindings, the special pride of the Marshal's heart. Gardens, too, were planted, and not only was the court of the citadel at Rabat filled with roses and violets, and made a corner of paradise, but even the railway stations were obliged to have each its garden.

Never, perhaps, has a European Governor been in such sympathetic touch with a Moslem population. His devout attitude to his own religion was reflected in the respect he showed to that of the country, and his natural dignity, his uprightness, his unfailing tact, and his innate kindness have made his rule unique. Native peoples value a "gentleman" even more than do more civilized communities, and great, therefore, was the sorrow on his departure.

In all his labours in Morocco the Marshal has been splendidly seconded by his wife. As Madame de Fortoul, widow of an artillery officer, Madame Lyautey went to Morocco early in the war as head of the first Red Cross convoy. Before leaving France she gave a little address to the ladies under her charge, pointing out that from the moment they started none must think of anything except of the wounded soldiers. The gaieties and flirtations of Paris must be forgotten. This was no time for marrying and giving in marriage. But, to the amusement and delight of the little band, it was their beloved leader who ended by marrying the Resident-General herself! Charm, goodness, beauty, all that such a man could desire in his helpmate, Lyautey has found in this accomplished lady. May both have many years of happiness before them in a future certain to be active! It must be the hope of the Marshal's many friends and readers that before long he will turn his attention to the preparation for the Press of further volumes of his delightful letters, and modest though be his accounts of his own doings, help us through his writings to realize something more of the debt France and humanity owe to her greatest Pro-Consul.

The most affecting moment of the Marshal's departure from Rabat must have been when he alighted from his car at the huge double archway which gives access to the citadel, and walked amongst the flowers of the secluded garden, his own creation, enclosed by mighty ramparts from whose crenellated heights he could gaze over the glittering white city where for thirteen eventful years he had lived and laboured.

It must ever be a source of gratification to our own people that when Lyautey left the shores of Morocco behind him his ship was escorted by two British destroyers for the first ten miles of its voyage towards France. The Marshal has made it known how deeply he was touched by this unique tribute from the Royal Navy, a symbol of British appreciation of the great services he had rendered to our country, recognized by the bestowal on him of the G.C.M.G. on February 11, 1917, at the hands of the late Lord Bertie, then British Ambassador in Paris.

The Recent Discoveries Concerning the Origin of Cancer

By F.R.S.

SOME fourteen years ago Peyten Rous, of the Rockefeller Institute, U.S.A., while studying a transplantable spindle-celled growth, or sarcoma, which occurred in fowls, discovered that filtrates of these tumours, freed of cells by a Berkfeld filter, produced the same tumours in fowls of the same breed. Up to that time successful transplantation of cancers from one animal to another had been made only by grafting living tumour cells which grew on a host of the same species, the host acting as a culture medium for the tumour cells. Such a graft has occurred in the case of a surgeon who, using a hypodermic syringe, accidentally transferred cancer cells from a patient to himself. Rous also found that fragments of chicken sarcoma in which all cells were presumably killed by drying, or keeping in glycerine, could, when injected, produce the tumour. Rous's work proved that typical sarcoma, a malignant form of cancer formed of connective tissue cells—the other chief kind of cancer-carcinoma being formed of epithelial cells—was due to some filter passing "agent" which persisted in dead and dried cells, but was readily destroyed by heat and various antiseptics. Since Rous's pioneer work, numerous attempts to isolate a similar cancer-producing "agent" from tumours of mammals have failed, and in consequence it has been generally held that cancers were produced by abnormal growths of tissue cells, and were not due to infection by micro-organisms, chicken sarcoma being regarded as an exceptional form of new growth. Dr. Gye of the National Institute for Medical Research took up again the study of chicken sarcoma two or three years ago, and published the fruits of his work in the "Lancet" in August last. While confirming Rous's chief conclusions, Dr. Gye has shown that the active "agent," or "virus" as he terms it, is capable of multiplication in a special medium. He has also carried out experiments which show that the "virus" alone cannot produce the disease, but requires the presence of a specific substance which is contained in extracts of the tumours. He has separated from

infusions of the fragmented tumour, by means of a centrifuge run at very high speed, the "virus," which sinks, from the supernatant specific substance. He has washed the deposit, and from a minute quantity of it grown the "virus" in his special medium of broth and rabbits' serum under anærobic conditions, and has sub-cultured it to the fifth time, and until the dilution of the original drop taken has been made some billion times. He has, moreover, treated the separated specific substance with chloroform, incubating it also at body temperature for several hours, until sure that all living cells in it are dead. Neither the cultivated "virus," nor the specific substance, injected alone, has then produced the tumour, but the two injected together have produced it; this result he has obtained repeatedly. Further, and most important of all, he has succeeded in obtaining from mammalian carcinoma, and even from a human carcinoma of the breast, the "virus" which, injected with the specific substance obtained from chicken sarcoma into fowls, has produced typical chicken sarcoma. He believes then that there is a virus—a filter-passing organism—which, together with a specific substance—specific for each species of animal—causes cancer, the "virus" activated by the specific substance living symbiotically in the cells, and causing these to multiply and invade other tissues. Tar, soot, paraffin oil, and such irritants, which are known to cause cancer after long-continued application, are supposed by Dr. Gye to produce the specific substance in the cells which enables the "virus" to take hold. The "virus" is probably ubiquitous, and ready to invade so soon as suitable conditions are offered. Mr. J. E. Barnard, who has devoted the leisure of a business life to the study of microscopy, has constructed a microscope within a microscope, and by this instrument has been able to see and photograph what is believed to be the filtrable "virus." The outer microscope gives dark ground illumination, by which, with the highest possible magnification, the haloes of the minute granules of "virus" appear visible. The halo of light round the granule is, of course, considerably larger than the granule itself. When the granules, which occur singly and in clumps, have been focused, invisible ultra violet rays are used to

photograph these through means of the inner microscope, which is formed of quartz lenses. The ultra-violet rays used are short enough in wave-length to be absorbed by the organism. Glass slides, suitably coated with a medium, are dipped into the special medium in which the "virus" multiplies, and the "virus" clinging to the coated surface of the slide this is withdrawn for microscopical examination. The medium itself, in which the "virus" grows, remains perfectly clear and transparent. The microscopic photographs of the "virus," whether from chicken sarcoma or mammalian carcinoma, show the same sort of minute granules, and these resemble those of the "virus" of other diseases, produced by filter-passing organisms, such as pleuro-pneumonia in cattle. Just as there are many species of bacilli and cocci, there may be many kinds of such "viruses," a world of the most minute living organisms. Influenza, smallpox, measles, dogs' distemper, foot-and-mouth disease, etc., are probably caused by such filter-passing organisms. We can successfully vaccinate against smallpox, and there seems to be hope that we may be able to vaccinate against cancer, but not when the cancer is once growing any more than we can vaccinate successfully against smallpox when once developed.

It is well known in the case of certain bacterial infections that a specific substance is necessary to allow the organism to take hold; this is the case with tetanus bacilli, and with the gas gangrene organism which produced such havoc in war wounds. The pure cultures of the bacilli are harmless, but injected with the specific chemical substance, which produces the necessary kind of tissue damage, then the organisms multiply and produce the disease. Dr. Gye has been foremost in elucidating these facts, and his cancer research is an extension of his former discoveries. Dr. Gye has, however, not so far succeeded in producing mammalian cancer by means of injecting the "virus" together with the specific substance obtained from such cancers. He believes that the immensely rapid growing chicken sarcoma—it can form a big lump in a fortnight—is particularly rich in specific substance, and so easily lends itself to experiment. A slow-growing carcinoma formed of

epithelial tissue is, he thinks, far less rich in its specific substance. While the dead filtrate from a sarcoma makes it possible for the "virus" to produce only a sarcoma, that from a carcinoma probably will give rise only to a carcinoma, and this probably holds good, not only for kinds of cancer, but also for each species of animal. So many cancer-germ discoveries have been published and exploded in the past that incredulity is natural among foreign researchers, who do not know the high character for exact and trustworthy research borne by Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard. Professor Blumenthal, of the Berlin Institute for Cancer Research, has, for one, critically considered Dr. Gye's work, and claims that he himself has succeeded in producing cancer-like tumours in rats and mice by means of bacilli obtained from fragments of human cancer after liquefaction of these by means of a burning-glass—using for this purpose the sun's rays. He suggests that these bacilli, which only appeared in the droplets after the liquefaction, carry a "virus," and that it is the "virus," not these bacilli, which cause cancer. It is difficult to believe, however, that any living "virus" would withstand the burning-glass treatment, and Blumenthal's claims await confirmation. He says that a fellow researcher, Reichert, has found that injection of filtrates of rat cancer, inactive themselves, stimulated to more rapid growth a tumour produced by injection of these bacilli. Blumenthal also claims to have stimulated a growth of rat cancer by lymph taken from human cancer, and is not, therefore, prepared to admit the claim for specific substances put forward by Dr. Gye. While making these criticisms, he says "that the study of invisible 'viruses' has received a new impetus through the researches of Dr. Gye and Mr. J. E. Barnard cannot be questioned," and that the "purely experimental results of Gye are entirely in harmony with findings reached in other ways. Not only the methods used, but the actual accomplishments constitute an important advance in the knowledge of the genesis of tumours. While the researches of Gye have not given us unequivocal solution of the problem of the origin of cancer, they give a fruitful stimulus to future research." Some of the main points ascertained by Dr. Gye have been confirmed

already by at least one other trustworthy observer, but as other critics have put forward, and Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard themselves are the first to recognize, much more has yet to be done. It must be proved beyond doubt that the specific substance separated by the centrifuge and inculcated with chloroform is really dead, i.e. that it contains no living cancer cells. It must also be proved whether or not the "virus" can be cultivated from cancers only, or from normal tissues also. The "virus," after being grown and sub-cultured in Dr. Gye's medium, must be observed under Barnard's microscope, and one granule, or clump of granules, being protected with a droplet of mercury, all others must be killed by ultra-violet radiation (Barnard's method of isolating a pure culture), and then a culture obtained from the single protected granule or clump, and this proved to be capable of producing cancer when injected together with the specific substance. The same success must be obtained with mammalian carcinoma throughout as with chicken sarcoma. We have some reason to think that such success has already been obtained. The chemical nature of the specific substance must be sought out. The world is expectant, looking forward to these researches with some hope, as possibly giving a method of vaccination against the dread disease cancer, which, according to statistical evidence, is going to kill some four or five million of the present population of the British Isles. Professor Keyser, of Freiburg, claims to have used a vaccine successfully, but has refused to publish details so far. No credit can be given to a secret remedy. It is for the prosecution of such researches as Dr. Gye's and Mr. Barnard's that the wisdom of making an ample Treasury grant to the Medical Research Council is evident. For the expenditure of some hundred and thirty thousand a year—the present amount of the grant—knowledge of untold value may come to suffering humanity. Meanwhile, while waiting for the fruits of research, we can do our utmost to avoid these sources of chronic irritation which are known to produce cancer, and keep our bodies in as healthy a state as possible by living an abstemious life, taking every opportunity for open-air exercise and sun baths, and adequate rest.

The Sleeping Partner

By Rolf Bennett

JIM HOYLE paused irresolutely and looked from the sea to a small hillock just above high-water mark—or rather, to the dead man who lay upon it—and back to the sea again. Should he drag the body down to the water's edge and heave it into the sea where the sharks would dispose of it in a few moments, or should he let it remain where it was? It did not really matter very much one way or the other, for the ants would dispose of it, all but the bones, very nearly as quickly as the sharks. He eventually decided to leave it to the ants to feast on, and thus save himself the troublesome and unpleasant task of dragging his late partner the fifty yards or so across the beach.

Having satisfactorily settled this matter, Jim Hoyle walked along the shore for about a quarter of a mile till he reached a small lagoon where lay a half-decked boat moored to some palms near the water's edge. He unfastened the mooring rope, climbed into the boat and pushed off, using an oar as pole till he was out of the shallows. Then he hoisted fore and mainsail, and the boat passed slowly out of the lagoon into the sun-washed sea beyond.

As he looked back over his shoulder at the island he had left, Jim Hoyle saw the little hillock and that which lay upon it—a mere dark patch that might have been anything, but which he knew to be the corpse of his one-time friend and partner. An evil grin came into Hoyle's face as he reflected that the pearls—the pearls for which they had worked and sweated and daily risked their lives—were now his; all of them. He had always hated the idea of sharing them, of relinquishing half, and now he would be spared that painful necessity. Corby was dead—good luck to him.

The breeze was freshening and the island fast slipping away astern as the sails bellied and the boat gathered speed. Hoyle took a reef in the mainsail, then lashed

the tiller so that he might leave it and crawl into the little fo'c'sle, light his pipe, and take a look at the chart. In a couple of days—or less if the wind held—he ought to make Nukahiva in the Marquesas where he could get passage on some copra boat or trading schooner for Tahiti.

His reflections were interrupted by a sudden lurch and the sound of water splashing in the cockpit. Hastily crawling out, he discovered that the wind had freshened still more, and that the sea was getting up. He took another reef in the mainsail, baled out most of the water from the cockpit, and then, straightening his weary back, glanced uneasily at the lowering sky. He wondered, incidentally, what time it was, and cursed himself for not having taken Corby's wrist-watch. A showy, woman's trinket, he had often chaffed Corby for wearing it. But the thing kept good time and would have been useful. Yes, he was a fool not to have taken the trinket, much as he despised it.

The day waned into a brief twilight, and the sea had become an ugly blue-grey with short, choppy waves whose crests foamed as they raced by. Hoyle, though not an experienced sailor, knew this for a sign of bad weather, and cursed. Why, after weeks of unbroken calm and broiling sunshine, should the weather break now, just when he wanted it to remain fine? He swore again, and sought comfort by feeling in his pocket where the little canvas bag with the pearls lay.

Night, with masses of ragged black clouds scurrying across the sky as though hastening breathlessly towards some sombre destination. Hoyle, huddled up in the cockpit, watched them uneasily, and tried to keep awake. But despite the violent pitching of the boat, and the shriek of the wind through the rigging, he dropped into fitful dozes. In his broken dreams, he again enacted the events of that morning. His skilfully provoked quarrel with Corby leading, as he had intended it should, to Corby striking him. They had fought; Corby excitedly, and even then puzzled as to the cause of it all, Hoyle coolly, deliberately following a definite, pre-arranged plan. At last, goaded to fury, Corby had reached for the knife in his belt, but Hoyle, who had foreseen and planned everything, had his knife handier still. And that was how he

came to leave Corby, his ex-comrade, crumpled up on the little hillock facing the sea.

Awakened by a more violent lurch than usual, Hoyle looked out and saw that the mainsail boom was swinging wildly to and fro, while the foresail flapped and cracked as the wind caught it first on one side, then on the other. It dawned upon him then that the wind had veered round while he slept, and that the boat was in danger of being swamped. He hastily unlashed the helm, swung the boom over, and manœuvred till the sails caught the wind again. After a little while his eyes closed once more, and he dreamed uneasily. In one of these dreams, he fancied himself to be kneeling by the side of his dead partner and, while so doing, he saw the corpse reach out a hand—the hand with the wrist-watch—dive into his pocket, and clutch the bag of pearls.

A sudden jolt which nearly flung him off the seat, awakened Hoyle, and for a moment he gazed about him uncomprehendingly, his face bedewed with the cold sweat of terror. Then he realized that dawn was breaking, and that the boat had run aground on some sandy beach. He hastily scrambled ashore and stood peering through the dawn twilight. Evidently he was on some island, for beyond the shore he could see a fringe of ghostly palms swaying in the wind. As it grew lighter he set off to explore his surroundings. Skirting the beach, he pushed through a belt of palms and creepers, and reaching the other side, stopped abruptly. For, on a little hillock in front of him, lay a man's body, Corby's body, just as he had left it apparently. There was no question now as to what had happened, the change of wind had brought him back to the island.

He found himself moving slowly towards the body. He had no desire to see it, but something stronger than himself, some imperative and irresistible urge, forced him on. Within a yard or so of it, he halted. The spectacle was not a pleasant one, for the ants had already been at work. The morning sunlight sparkled on the gold wrist-watch above the horrible, claw-like, and nearly fleshless hand. Jim Hoyle shuddered involuntarily and turned away. He lacked the nerve now to bend over that ghastly object and detach the watch.

Cursing volubly, he hurried back to the opposite beach. In spite of the heavy sea, he succeeded in pushing the boat off and beating away into the wind. Not until the island had faded into a mere cloudy speck in the distance, did he lash the tiller, and prepare himself some food. He did it mechanically, for his thoughts were with the dead man on the little hillock. It wasn't murder, he told himself; he had given the other man a chance, and if he hadn't knifed Corby, Corby would have knifed him. In fact it was almost a fair fight, as fair as most fights, anyway. No, it certainly was not murder, not real murder.

When he had eaten, he looked at the chart but was unable to ascertain his position. No matter, if he kept on he would get somewhere, if not Nukahiva, then some other place. Almost anywhere would do so long as it was not that accursed island he had left. The sound of water surging into the cockpit reached his ears, and he scrambled out of the fo'c'sle just in time to see a mountain of green water descending upon the boat. It swept down, broke on the port quarter, and thundered into the cockpit. He seized the tiller and succeeded in bringing the boat round before she broached-to. It was an unpleasantly close shave, and a warning that he must not trust to a lashed tiller when sailing close into the wind. Drenched to the skin and up to his knees in water, Hoyle tried to bale with one hand and steer with the other. It was difficult to do both at once, and when he had reduced the water a little, he let the rest remain.

He was beginning to feel drowsy, and at intervals his eyes closed. Then he would pull himself together with a jerk just in time, very often, to prevent the boat falling off into the wind. At last, realizing that he must have sleep, he decided to lash the tiller and run before the wind, leaving the steering to chance. He did this, crawled into the fo'c'sle, and fell asleep immediately. Again his sleep was haunted by that terrible dream in which he found himself bending over the dead man. And again, to his horror, the skeleton hand with the wrist-watch round its bare bones, reached out and grasped the bag of pearls.

He woke up shivering and bathed in a cold sweat.

Outside he found the wind had dropped to a faint breeze which, a little later, gave place to a perfect calm, so that there was nothing to do but let the boat drift. He might slumber in comparative peace and safety now, but he had come to dread sleep with its terrible dreams of the dead hand reaching out towards him and feeling in his pocket for the bag of pearls. So the hours passed, and towards evening his eyes closed in spite of his efforts—and he dreamed.

It was dark when he woke up, shivering and sweating as usual. The sails were still flapping idly in the breathless night, but the boat was moving slowly, evidently in some current. Still this was better than lying helpless and becalmed, Hoyle reflected as he settled down in the cockpit to meditate on all the things he would do and have when he sold the pearls—for they must be worth £1,000 if not more. A man could enjoy himself for a time on £1,000. And he had got them, his share and the other man's. What if he had been better prepared than Corby, and pulled his knife quicker than Corby, that was all to his credit, surely? And if Corby had not taken offence at his chaff—for Hoyle was beginning to convince himself that his provocation had been merely chaff—why, that was Corby's fault. A man who couldn't take a joke, deserved all he got.

Dawn. An island in the distance, an island fringed with palms. Nothing in that, there were hundreds of islands in these parts, and they were nearly all fringed with palms. And yet there seemed something familiar—Jim Hoyle pushed out the mainsail boom in the hope of catching a little breeze, a puff of wind. But there was no breeze, no puff of wind, and the boat, carried shorewards by the current, grounded gently on a long stretch of glistening sand. Hoyle climbed out and looked about him suspiciously. Was it *the* island which he had approached from another side, or one something like it? So many of these cursed little islands were alike that, unless you were a navigator and could work out a reckoning, you never knew where you were.

He walked up the beach, still uncertain in his mind. Sometimes he thought he recognized a familiar spot, but could not be sure. If it were the island, he had landed on

a different part of it, not on the side where he and Corby had lived and toiled.

He strode on, forced a passage through the surrounding creepers and undergrowth, and at last found himself looking down upon the only too familiar lagoon. There was no mistaking it. There were the heaps of rotting oyster shells, the rough shack of branches, and the rude bench. And Hoyle swore aloud, swore in an attempt to reassure himself, to drive away the cold horror that was gradually taking possession of him.

He turned away with the intention of retracing his steps to the boat, but paused ere he had gone a dozen yards. Over there, some fifty yards to the right of him, and screened from view by the palms, lay—*it*. He wondered if it were still there—but why shouldn't it be, who or what could have shifted it? It was downright foolishness, but—impelled once more by an urge stronger than himself, he passed through the fringe of palms, and found himself standing over the dead body of Corby. Little remained now but the gaunt skeleton and—the gold wrist-watch. But not for twice the value of the pearls he had stolen, would Hoyle have laid a hand on the fleshless wrist. At last he threw off the evil fascination which had drawn him hither and, cursing himself for every known brand of fool, hastened, blindly stumbling in his eagerness, back to the spot where he had left the boat. At first, when he caught sight of the beach, he thought he must have missed his way and arrived at a different part of the island because, when he looked, there was no sign of the boat. Then, as his eyes roamed the deserted shore, he chanced to look far out to sea where a small, black object was drifting out of sight.

It was some moments before Jim Hoyle could bring himself to realize the extent of the calamity which had overtaken him. Then it came to him, and, standing there upon the white sun-washed beach, he raised both hands to heaven, and cursed with the fierce and awful impotency of blind despair. He was alone, a prisoner on this accursed island; alone with the man he had killed; with that whitening skeleton. Alone with that and—what else? The faint stirring of the breeze caused the leaves to rustle, and sent a low, whimpering sound through

the tall palm stems so that Hoyle, his nerves on edge, swung round with a hoarse cry, one arm lifted as if to ward off a blow from an unseen hand. But there was nothing, nothing save himself, and the palms, and the wind, and—it.

He became conscious of a burning thirst, and set off to where he knew there was a pool of fresh water. He reached it and saw, lying close by, a rusty tin pannikin, a pannikin which Corby had left there. He picked it up and was about to dip it in the water, when he saw something else—the bloated bodies of two dead birds lying in the pool. He fished them out and flung them from him, then dipped the pannikin and drank greedily. Then he flung himself down in the shade and tried not to go to sleep. But he was bone weary, the sun was scorching hot even in the shade, and presently his eyes closed.

Once more he was visited by that horrible dream, and this time it was so real that he was awakened by his own cry of terror, and felt in his pocket to make sure that it was no more than a dream, and that the pearls were still there. Reassured, he laughed at his fears—then shuddered and looked behind him. Nothing save the palms and the undergrowth was there—and that which he knew lay behind them.

He rose and went to look at the shack which he and Corby had built for themselves. In the event of a storm, or one of those sudden tropical downpours, it would be useful as a shelter. He set to work to strengthen it, and to place new branches where the old ones had shrunk or withered away. In a cache which he and Corby had made, there still remained some bully-beef and biscuits. He made a supper off these and some water from the pool, and then lay down in the shack. He must get away from this accursed island somehow, he told himself, even if he had to trust to a rudely constructed raft.

Night fell with its customary swiftness. The stars came out, and the blue dome above became a scintillating mass of jewel-lights. The moon rose, cold and white, and shadows moved upon the sand. The night wind whimpered through the trees, the leaves rustled, twigs crackled and snapped, creatures of the night came out, and the air was filled with strange noises.

Hoyle lay in the shack, listening. He knew that the shadows were no more than shadows; that the noises were the natural noises of the place and the time. Yet he lay there waiting for a sound that was none of these; a sound he had never heard as yet—the creaking of dry bones, the stiff and clumsy tread of that which had lost the living elasticity of its walk. He dozed and dreamed, and towards morning felt as if a fire had been kindled in his throat. He staggered to the pool, but the water seemed not to quench the fires within him, though outwardly he was shivering as with ague.

So he lay there while the sun rose and beat down upon his unprotected head. Consumed by the inward fires, he no longer used the pannikin to scoop up the water but, lying prone, drank direct from the pool. Yet neither the water which he drank, nor that which he splashed about his burning head, seemed to quench his thirst or cool him. A mood of recklessness took possession of him, and he tried to sing the chorus of some half-forgotten music-hall ditty, only to stop abruptly as something pink, like a flayed rat, came running towards him. He screamed and covered his face with his hands, and when he looked again the thing had disappeared. He and Corby were diving for pearls now in the lagoon, and while he looked, Corby changed from a living man into a skeleton. He scrambled up and tried to fight the thing, then drew his knife—and the vision melted.

Followed a period of unconsciousness, and then once more those fearful things advanced upon him; weird and horrible creatures, things unnatural and obscene; they sprang at him, crawled up his clothing, leered at him from the branches of the trees, peered at him out of the water until, foaming at the mouth, his hands clawing at the empty air, he fell to the ground, his limbs and the muscles of his face working horribly.

Presently he was up again. The sun was still blazing in the heavens, and he had no idea whether it was the same day or the next, whether an hour or a week had elapsed. He did not care; he feared nothing, not even the little devil faces and the things which looked at him out of the water. He laughed aloud, and staggered in the direction of the hillock. He was going to see Corby; he

liked Corby, and they would have a song and a dance. Funny to see old Corby's skeleton dancing, the funniest thing imaginable—skeleton? What the deuce was he thinking about? Corby wasn't a skeleton, Corby was alive. Why on earth did he keep thinking of skeletons?

Sure, there was Corby on the hillock thinking, no doubt, of what he was going to do when they realized on the pearls. Ah yes, but he must get those pearls for himself, he wasn't going to let Corby have them. He would provoke a quarrel and knife Corby, that wouldn't be murder, it would just be a fight. Yes, that was the idea.

He reached the hillock, then started back with a shriek. A skeleton lay there, the skeleton of a man, of Corby. It must be Corby because of the gold wrist-watch. No man he had ever met before had worn such a thing. Then Corby *was* dead, and these were his bones. And the thing was grinning at him, grinning at him, it was moving—God in Heaven, the thing was getting on its feet, approaching him! He put out a hand to ward it off, stumbled, and fell forward on to the pitiful and motionless remains of the dead man. . . .

* * * * * *

A week or two later, a copra schooner dropped anchor off the island, and a boat put off in charge of the mate for the purpose of finding fresh water. They discovered the pool, and while the men were filling a couple of kegs, the mate took a look round. Presently the men at the pool heard a shout and, running in the direction of the sound, came upon the mate gazing down at two skeletons which lay together.

"What's the little bag that chap's got in his hand?" said one of the men. "Him with the wrist-watch, I mean."

Lady Mary

By A. M. Pagan

THERE is but one. To dispute it is to repudiate the debt we owe to the woman by whose mother-wit and initiative a great deliverance was won for Western Europe. In the history of prophylactics the episode is unique. Immunity from smallpox came, not as the last link in a long chain forged by patient research in scientific laboratory or on tropical swamp, but as the gift of a traveller who practised the wise maxim Hazlitt was to formulate a hundred years later: "The rule for travelling abroad is to take our common sense with us and to leave our prejudices behind."

Thus equipped with common sense and devoid of prejudice Lady Mary Wortley Montagu set forth in 1716 as the wife of an ambassador charged with a special mission to the Porte. She had herself lost a fine set of eyelashes from smallpox, but she retained an eyesight in no ordinary degree alert and observant. She had only been a few days in Adrianople when she noticed that a disfigurement almost universal in England was unknown in that city. A few days more sufficed to learn the cause, to study the treatment, and to convince herself of its efficacy, to subject her own baby to it, and to register a vow that she would at all costs introduce it into England.

It appears from Lady Mary's letters that "ingrafting" was an annual social event in Turkey, a rallying-point for hospitality as definite as is the blooming of roses, the occasion for an outburst of garden parties in England. "The smallpox," she wrote, "so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of ingrafting, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family have

the mind to have the smallpox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), an old woman comes with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpox, and asks what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much venom as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after, binds up the wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the forehead, in each arm, and on the breast to mark the sign of the cross, but this has a very ill-effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health till the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty scars in their faces, which never mark, and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Every year thousands undergo this operation, and the French Ambassador says pleasantly that they take the smallpox here by way of diversion, as they take wagers in other countries. There is no example of anyone that has died of it, and you may believe that I am very well satisfied with the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my little son. I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion into England, and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew anyone of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may have courage to make war with them."

Courage Lady Mary never lacked, and it was required. A custom practised by the old wives of a nation regarded in England as semi-barbarous naturally met with professional opposition and popular prejudice. But her social prestige and the fame of her caustic tongue stood her in good stead; gaily she waved aside timorous

scruples, scathingly she denounced medical conservatism. Yet she took no unnecessary risks, and the first experiments in inoculation in this country were made in her own house, where she watched personally over the treatment of the patients.

She had already proved that, in affairs of the heart, no less than in those of health, she who hesitates is lost. Her father, the then Marquis of Dorchester, believed that education would dim rather than enhance the charms of his brilliant daughter. But with her, as with Hester Savory:

> A waking eye, a prying mind,
> A heart that stirs is hard to bind;
> A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind.

She had a love of learning and a virile understanding not unworthy of the cousin of Henry Fielding, and from childhood to old age she was an omnivorous reader. To all intents and purposes self-educated, she induced a kindly bishop to be her tutor in Latin, and when, as a girl of fourteen, she met Mr. Wortley Montagu, a man considerably her senior and a scholar, she hailed him eagerly as a guide on her chosen path of culture. Not for the first time in history they passed from the school of learning to that of love, and in both the pupil outstripped the master in quickness if not in depth. Cautious to the verge of punctiliousness, baffled by the girl's swift changes of mood, Mr. Wortley Montagu hesitated; not so Lady Mary. When she considered that the time had come to strike, she struck home, and took the first step in declaring her affection. Even this decided action was not enough. For the bridegroom was a man of theories, and, unfortunately, his theories did not coincide on the vexed question of marriage settlements with those of the Marquis of Dorchester. Again Lady Mary showed herself ready for action. In an admirably business-like letter, which yet has touches that reveal her charm, she proposed an elopement and arranged its details.

If it be asked how a union, thus unusual in its procedure, succeeded, it may be answered that for twenty years they lived in mutual respect and affection together, and for twenty more in still greater respect and affection,

apart. It could hardly be otherwise. Honourable and distinguished as was his record, Mr. Wortley Montagu was undoubtedly slow and unresponsive to be the husband of one so versatile and quick-witted. It was the union of fire and water. During the early days of their married life in England her letters, spurring him on to a public career, positively tingle with impatience as she sees post after post lost to him by too careful deliberation. "I wish you would remember the common useful maxim," is her exasperated comment on one such mischance, "whatever is to be done at all ought to be done as soon as possible." This dilatoriness on his part was the occasion of their final parting. In 1739, when the time came for a projected visit to the Continent, Lady Mary was ready to start and he was not. To stand upon the order of her going could never be her part, and she set off on the understanding that he was to follow six weeks later. He never did. He preferred England, and she, for various reasons, preferred the Continent, and there she remained until a few months before her death in 1762.

Truth to tell, Lady Mary found the air of England somewhat too electric for her liking before she finally left its shores. Her defence of inoculation had earned her considerable obloquy, and that was not her only battlefield. She never suffered fools gladly, and so long as her ready tongue dealt with victims less articulate than herself, she could afford to laugh at care. But it was otherwise when her temper clashed with that of Alexander Pope. When the resolute lady planted her firm foot on the "wicked wasp of Twickenham," as she dubbed him, he stung back with venomous intent, and London society chuckled and shivered alternately at the wordy warfare which ensued. The quarrel, an old story now, its details too hazy for a just assignment of praise or blame, is mainly worth recalling because it was a determining cause in the long residence abroad of the irate lady, a residence to which we owe a volume of incomparable travel letters.

No branch of the epistolary art has proved more damaging to fame than this, and our grateful generation may acknowledge how much weariness of flesh to the

traveller and how much weariness of spirit to the reader has been spared by the invention of the pictorial post-card. But no such aid is needed to give colour and life to the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. She had undoubtedly advantages denied to the ordinary traveller. Doors usually closed were open to the wife of a popular ambassador and a leader of London society; she visited Eastern Europe at a period when it was practically unknown to Englishmen, and nearer lands when their outlook and customs were still rigidly national. She was, moreover, a born traveller. Tireless, good-humoured, daring in meeting mischance and danger, unprejudiced, observant, and many-sided in her interests, *ennui* was unknown in her company. In a Greek island she wielded hammer and chisel in vigorous antiquarian research, in a Turkish seraglio she copied and translated typical love-letters and prescriptions for love-philtres. In Vienna she studied the fashions, and in Avignon the ecclesiastical situation with equal interest. As soon as her fingers had thawed from a drive over the Alps in mid-winter she was ready to descant on the scenery, and she had no sooner settled in Venice than she had the various gallantries of the surrounding nobility at her finger-ends. Any relic of classical antiquity or ancient inscription was promptly described or copied for Mr. Wortley Montagu, with whom she never ceased to carry on a regular and cordial correspondence. "I have no greater pleasure than to amuse and interest you," she often wrote, and her correspondent probably found the receipt of these truly amusing and interesting letters a less agitating pleasure than the too stimulating society of the writer.

Although nothing scenic, artistic, or antiquarian escaped her roving eye, her chief interest lay in manners and customs, in the influence of climate on national habits, health, and hygiene, in fashions in dress, and in fashions in love, in the position of women, in the state of the drama, in cookery, in court etiquette, in domestic architecture—in short, in that human side of travel which is at once the most interesting and the most elusive. She made friends quickly, and had seldom been long in any place before she had gathered around her a little court. Gallants offered her their devotion, and when

they discovered that, despite her gaiety, she was determined that no breath of scandal should tarnish the name of Mr. Wortley Montagu, they made her their confessor, so that she became a veritable storehouse of the knight-errantry of Europe. The ladies of the harem and those under the hardly less strict surveillance of the Austrian court made her their *confidente*. She treated the customs and religious tenets she encountered with a dispassionate tolerance. Whether the unsuccessful attempt to burn out the wasp's nest at Twickenham had taught her prudence or the affairs of foreign lands touched her less nearly than those of England, the fact remains that no quarrels worth the recounting electrified her later years. The position of a Protestant closely connected with the governing families of England was one requiring tact at Avignon, but, seriously annoyed as she had often cause to be at the espionage exercised on her correspondence, she contrived to live on good terms with the Papal court, and on such excellent terms with the municipality of the city that they offered for her acceptance an ancient round tower and the land surrounding it.

Such qualifications of mind and circumstance, combined with the possession of a remarkably facile and pointed pen, place Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in the front rank of letter-writers. She herself confidently expected that place and she would have been considerably chagrined to know that posterity, while freely admitting her to be the Princess Royal of the art, has reserved the title of Queen for Madame de Sévigné. Lady Mary's sound literary judgment was somewhat amusingly affected by professional jealousy when she commented on the letters of her French contemporary. "She only gives us," she declared, "in a lively manner and fashionable phrases, mean sentiments, vulgar prejudices, and endless repetitions. Sometimes the tittle-tattle of a fine lady, sometimes that of an old nurse, always tittle-tattle." The material of the letters of Madame de Sévigné was tittle-tattle, indeed, compared with that at the disposal of Lady Mary, but in this art values are magically changed, time contracts, the great sinks into insignificance, the trivial becomes important, and the best letter-writing is altogether independent of its content, as Cowper has

proved triumphantly when he wrote on nothing, and Lamb, when he made invention atone for paucity of news. Madame de Sévigné, writing for her daughter, and for her alone, remained perfectly natural, but Lady Mary had always the hope, if not the intention, that her letters might one day be published. Accordingly, with one eye on her theme and one on a possible audience, her pen sometimes became weighted, and her language dated. But when her gay spirit has leave to guide her pen without fear of consequence, and both her bright eyes are fixed on her subject, her letters are dateless.

As the years passed Lady Mary grew more and more of a recluse. To her, as to Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, there was no greater pleasure than to acquire a desert and to transform it into a rose, and gardening became an absorbing pastime. Her description of her life at Brescia must have read strangely in the eyes of those who remembered her as a brilliant ornament of the court of George I. "I generally rise at six," she wrote, "and as soon as I have breakfasted put myself at the head of my weeder women and work with them till nine. I then inspect my dairy and take a time among my poultry, which is a very large enquiry. I have at present two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, ducks, and cocks. All things have prospered under my care; my bees and silkworms have doubled, and I am told that without accidents my capital will do so in two years' time. Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading."

Of that she never tired, being, as she herself expressed it, "a rake in reading." The Rambler, weighty fare to our emasculated taste, seemed to her an ephemeral form of literature, and she scorned to read "Don Quixote" in translation. Her appreciation of classical literature, and her criticism of that of her own time, show her no mean scholar and an acute critic. She confessed that she sobbed over Richardson, but she was not long in drying her eyes and condemning his sentimentality. But, discerning as was her taste, she was a genuine bookworm to whom anything in the shape of a book was welcome, and the arrival of a box of books from England was the chief excitement of her later years. She records that on one such occasion, when she found a box awaiting her

on her return from a twenty-mile ride by moonlight, she sat up all night to enjoy its contents.

Yet, for all her unconventionality, she was curiously of her period in her attitude to female education. A generation later her namesake was to hold court as the Queen of the Bluestockings, Fanny Burney was to be fêted by an admiring London as the youthful author of "Evelina," and even the Great Cham was to compliment the erudition of Miss Hannah More, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Lennox. But that day was not yet, and Lady Mary must perforce deny herself the fame of learning, however much she might enjoy its delights. To her daughter, the Countess of Bute, she often expressed her views as to the education of her daughters, for whom she always predicted spinsterhood. To solace that estate she was anxious that they should early acquire a taste for reading. "I wish your daughters to resemble me in nothing but my love of reading, knowing by experience how far it is capable of softening the cruellest accidents of life. There is no remedy so easy as books, which, if they do not give cheerfulness, restore quiet to the most troubled mind." So far well, but the anxious grandmother proceeds: "The second caution to be given is (and which is most absolutely necessary) to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness; the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy and, consequently, the most inveterate hatred of all he and she fools which will certainly be three parts in four of her acquaintance."

The last words are among those which have earned for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, both in her own day and in ours, the title of misanthrope. There is some ground for the indictment. Even in her first journey she had acquired a cool detachment from prejudices, be they termed insular or patriotic, remarkable in a woman of her years and temperament. "Mankind," she wrote, "is everywhere the same like cherries or apples, they only differ in shape, size, colour from different soils, climate, or culture, but are still essentially the same species, and the little black wood cherry is not nearer akin to the maydukes that are served at great tables than the wild

naked negro to fine figures adorned with ribands." As time went on this dispassionate judgment on her fellows acquired a more acid flavour as she withdrew more and more from a world composed, as she deemed it, in large measure of fools and knaves. It was in part a cynicism engendered in a woman who found incomplete outlet for her gifts in a society which persisted in regarding woman merely as an ornament or a plaything.

But that she was essentially cold of heart no unprejudiced reader of her letters will maintain. The heroine of that early courtship had a long and irksome schooling ere she attained to the detached attitude of her later years; and wounded affection, as well as wounded pride, speaks from the letters of her early married life, written to a faithful, but somewhat unresponsive, husband. There is abundant evidence that her raillery often masked a heavy heart. "One should pluck up a spirit and live upon cordials," she wrote to her sister, "when one can have no other kind of nourishment. These are my present endeavours, and I run about though I have five thousand pins and needles running into my heart." She might protest a complete indifference to the calumnies of Pope, but the wound rankled and there were pins and needles which stung yet more closely. The conduct of their only son was a subject on which she wrote to Mr. Wortley Montagu alone, and when her proud reserve broke down she showed a poignant and abiding disappointment.

The days came when, in her own expressive phrase, "my health is so often disordered that I begin to be as weary of it as of mending old lace, when it is patched in one place it breaks in another." Life had led her far afield, but death drew her home. When, in 1761, she returned to England, it was but too evident that she had need of all her fortitude. It did not desert her. Through months of agony she held her head high in the scene of her former strifes and triumphs, this woman versatile and forceful who has set her seal on the arms of her countrymen as a reminder of the gratitude which is her due.

British Broadcasting and Leadership

By A. Corbett-Smith

THERE never has been, probably, any period in history when some call, more or less insistent, has not gone forth from a people for a man to lead them. Each successive age is prone to regard its own as the most chaotic yet. The old Romans sipped the waters at Aqua Solis and chatted the while about the break-up of their Empire: the Georgian bucks took the waters in the self-same city a thousand years later and inveighed against the ruin which William Pitt was bringing upon the country: to-day, you may be sure to find in modernized Bath the same gloomy headshakes over the present hopelessness of outlook, and the reiterated exclamation: "If only we had a man in power!"

But indeed, in this post-war age, there does seem to exist a need more urgent than ever before for this quality of leadership. For it is an age spoon-fed with headlines and snippets; crammed with superficial facts, as a prize turkey is stuffed for the Christmas market; taught everywhere by everyone what to think instead of how to think. The result is that such public opinion as exists stands like a row of crazy weathercocks, veering round to whichever breeze blows the strongest. And all the while there are wolves howling and ravening around the house.

Now in the great and comprehensive scheme of enlightenment for which our British Radio Service exists there is unbounded opportunity for the exercise of that factor of leadership. This outstanding function of the Service, like all its other social and æsthetic functions, seems, oddly enough, to be almost completely ignored by a Press which purports to reflect public opinion. And yet it is, I think, worthy of very serious consideration, especially at the present juncture.

For here is a medium which every night penetrates

directly into some millions of British homes and whispers its messages into the ears of perhaps twenty million souls in these islands alone.

"Soon a speaker will have the earth for his sounding-board and his hall of audience, and the privilege of addressing the human race will be prized above a coronation." So, with perfect truth, observes Dr. Fournier d'Albe. And we may well inquire: "What is being done about it?" Is so powerful a medium as this now being used on behalf of the community, as it should be used, to its full extent and in the most worthy manner and direction?

The functions of the Service may, I think, be summarized as the enlightenment of the people and the formation of character. Enlightenment in everything that may tend to the welfare, happiness and comfort of the community, and a character building that may tend to the creation of good citizens not merely of the British Commonwealth but of civilization. These two functions are virtually one.

For the past eighteen months or so there has been no lack of warning that that honest citizenship is in grave danger. Indeed, prominent public men and women are uniting with responsible journals of all shades of opinion to assure us that even the Constitution itself is under menace. It seems folly to disregard the facts. Let us assume for our present purpose that an imminent menace does exist. At the least it will serve as a peg upon which to hang an argument.

Within the limits of their powers and of their declared policy—a very broad one—the directors of the Radio Service leave the execution of detail almost wholly to the initiative and resources of their twenty local station directors. An excellent analogy is that of the Royal Navy of the eighteenth century, or even later. The Board of Admiralty is represented by the Service Headquarters at Savoy Hill. The ships are the local stations, each one under the command of a captain who is, upon his own quarter-deck, omnipotent. The stations vary in efficiency and fighting power just as the ships did. There are "first rates" as well as frigates. You will find a Locker or a Suckling or a George Farmer in command, and you will

find lesser men. Whenever necessary concentration may immediately be effected for a fleet action; the senior captain, commanding the flagship *London*, then assumes general control.

Such is the machinery, and it is admirably adapted for any particular offensive. The stations are permanently "in commission," with all stores and ammunition on board. And since the ammunition in use is the same for peace as for war (as we may term it), there are needed but a few trifling additions for the particular enemy, a polishing up of the gunnery and any special instructions from the Admiralty or flagship as to objective.

The ammunition in everyday use is of the nature already indicated. In detail, it includes appreciation of music, poetry, literature and the fine arts; stories and biographies of notable men and women of character; stories of the building and meaning of the British Commonwealth; stories and pictures of other lands and peoples; health, social and domestic topics; the fairyland of science; topical world events; romances and legends; the real history and development of our own people and Constitution; these, and a score more of definite value in character building.

To meet the present enemy there would need to be added, in regular continuity, an *exposé* of enemy methods of waging war, the histories of their previous wars and results, e.g. the French Revolution, the Russian *débâcle*, etc., together with daily bulletins of enemy activity upon the home front. In short, a service which would place the community in full possession of all the facts and keep them thoroughly posted.

Needless to remark, the ammunition may be the finest in existence, but unless the gunnery and fire control are as perfect as the wit of man can devise the powder and shot will be wasted.

To go into this matter properly we should need first a volume or two upon the practice of the art of enlightenment; and that means the art of hitting the target with the shot carefully selected. Some three, maybe four, of the station captains have qualified in this gunnery, and to these men the public has owed all the radio features now included in the daily programmes—with but one

exception. The remaining captains might immediately be put through a "short course." In fact, the whole campaign demands the immediate and careful attention of the Radio Service Board, when the line of strategy should be decided upon and intensive preparations made.

The task of winning battles devolves upon the captains or fleet commander. The Board has done its part when it has selected its officers, provided them with an efficient intelligence system, and placed them (as Nelson always demanded) in superior position to the enemy. For the most part stations are upon detached duty. One or two, *R.S.S. Bournemouth*, for example, would have but a trifling enemy force opposed to them. *R.S.S. Glasgow*, on the other hand, would doubtless need reinforcing, and a picked captain should be in command.

So, then, we come to this matter of leadership. And a very few moments' thought will at once suggest what an enormous power for good, or ill, a station director is in a position to wield. But it depends wholly upon the man. The real director must have been born to it and thereafter have devoted his life to training and practice in the art. I can think of no more difficult and thankless task the world over than that of a radio station director. He must be in the work, body and soul, with a burning enthusiasm and imbued with the highest sense of public duty. His practical knowledge must be encyclopædic, for he must be ready in his entertainments to deal with the whole world of art and humanity, and to "speak the language" of every artist or speaker whom he engages. Sincerity, tact, power of persuasion, a vivid and sympathetic personality, a faculty for winning the respect, regard, affection even of his vast audience—all these go without saying. And, in addition, he should possess the rare combination of a sensitive temperament and a mental skin of rhinoceros hide, together with the power of fitting in his personal artistic proclivities with the business and routine of a commercial company.

And the more worthy that man may be the more criticism will he encounter. In fact, it might almost be said that the measure of his criticism is the measure of his worth. He must be prepared to decide upon his course of action and hold to it rigidly without a swerve,

though all hell may thunder upon his decks and the flagship signal No. 39—cease action.

This is what the British Radio Service means, or should mean, by leadership. And who will deny that it is this which is needed in Great Britain to-day? Moral courage and resolution. Given a fighting Board at Savoy Hill, with a full sense of its obligations to the community, and half-a-dozen fighting captains of the Nelson school, and we shall see, I am convinced, if not another Battle of the Nile, at least another Blockade of Toulon. And it was during his two years off Toulon that Nelson rose to his greatest heights of genius and leadership. And Toulon, be it remembered, finally closed with Trafalgar.

If, as we are assuming, the menace to our country at the hands of a revolutionary minority indeed exists, the strongest and most immediate action is demanded in counter-offensive. Abstract theories and windy verbiage, while the enemy has his decks cleared and is firing sighting shots, have never yet won battles. We shall have the boarders swarming over our sides while we are sitting yarning in the ward-room. These things fall with the swiftness of a thunderbolt from a blue sky. Who, in a happy and prosperous France, could possibly have predicted such an incident as the *Affaire Réveillon* of April, 1789? Or what madman would have predicted the deposition and public execution three years later of a monarch secure as any in Christendom, with a people three-fourths monarchical, and being driven into republicanism against its will?

The proverbial British stolid common sense is hard put to it to avail against the insidious, slow working poison-gas which is the enemy's chief weapon, especially when that common sense has been allowed to degenerate into apathy. But once drive home the true facts and common sense, with some instinct of self-preservation, will surely prevail.

Were the British Radio Service an official department of the Government I could see no hope of its utility at such a crisis. But it is a private corporation. It was initiated and developed, and still functions, by the enterprise of the individual. And in this country that means everything. Moreover, the Service has always professed

itself to be actuated by the highest ideals; to aim at leading the community rather than to pander blindly to an alleged inferiority of public taste.

Nelson's watchwords were "Imagination and Audacity." If ever there was a moment for translating that sentiment into action this surely is the one. To-morrow may be too late. The Radio Service Headquarters may compulsorily have changed hands.

If the responsible head of the Service were to go one evening to the master-microphone and announce that he and his colleagues deemed it their public duty to take definite action on behalf of the State, I would wager heavily that the twenty-million-odd listeners would rise *en masse* to his support. And at that moment the captain of each station would open his sealed orders and manœuvre for position.

With the opening of the major operations every other publicity service in the country would be mobilized in support. This is purely a matter of private and amicable arrangement. H.M. Government would, in deference to expressed and overwhelming public opinion, be asked to continue the land-line facilities already granted and to afford any police protection necessary at any threatened point. Otherwise they might be invited to continue their deliberations and to take their holidays as usual.

In all this suggested scheme there is no hint of the fantastic. It is eminently simple and practical, and it could be put into force within twenty-four hours. Its efficacy would be increased with each successive week. And it would not cost anyone one penny more than is already being expended.

If, then, the ideals of the British Radio Service are indeed such as they are claimed to be, let us summon Savoy Hill to leadership with a sturdy trumpet call :—

> . . . Show us here
> The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
> That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not.

and bid them re-echo it from Land's End to Kirkwall.

That trumpet call would sound the death knell of Communism in this country.

The Eager Poet's Paradise

By Bassett Digby, F.R.G.S.

WHILE staying in a certain Chinese city I had become acquainted with a local merchant's son. He went to America, as Ao Lok, to be educated. He came back Mister Harry Lock, and on him, in the vigorous idiom of his Alma Mater, there were no flies.

When I dropped in to see him early one morning he told me he had just finished a little book of verse which had absorbed his leisure hours for some time past.

"Fine!" I said. "I expect she'll be seeing daylight by the Fall."

"By the *Fall!*" he exclaimed scornfully. "Say, where d'you think we are—back in Illinois? She'll be on sale this evening, boy. Just a minute though, I want to alter this line about the butterfly and the poppy." His bamboo brush dipped quickly into the little puddle of dull black paint, hovered a moment, then came down in a swift series of nervous jerks that produced four intricate hieroglyphs.

Mr. Harry Lock rapped sharply on the table. In ran a blue-smocked servant. Gobble-gobble-gobble. An order had been given. The servant went out.

Half an hour later the printers arrived. There was that *je ne sais quoi* about them that stamps the printer the world around. (There are no printers yet among the headhunters of Papua, but, when there are, I know I shall recognize them at sight, despite their nakedness. There are Eskimo printers in the mission stations of Labrador, and you can't possibly mistake them. It is something more than a smell of ink. A nuance, an air, an aura.)

The smaller of the two carried, slung across his back, a felt-covered box that looked like an Italian's hurdy-gurdy. A stout wooden post depended from it, which heightened the illusion. His head was swathed in a dirty bandage. "Been in a dust-up with some of the magistrate's whip men," explained Mr. Harry Lock, after a brief interrogation. "Been printing some stuff that

knocked the guys at the yamen, and the mandarin sent round a coupla fellows to beat him up."

"Arrest him, you mean," I interpolated.

"Arrest him nothing. *Beat him up*, I said!" protested Mr. Lock. "We don't waste time in this city with arrests for simple misdemeanours. They are summarily dealt with, as old Pop Higgins useta say back in Law School. We only arrest for felonies and inquiries where a little torture is likely to bring out evidence. We're efficient, we are."

It was a fine day, so the two printers were sent out into the yard at the back of the house. I assisted Mr. Lock to pen up the roving swine, at the urgent request of the elder and larger printer, the head, so to speak, of the Chapel. "Say, *whaddya* think of that?" exclaimed Mr. Lock, as he dropped the bar of the hog-pen. "When he was out on a job last week a hog nipped in and swallowed a galley and two sticks of copy. Gotta be careful. Can't let the hogs go putting them offa their work."

Meanwhile the printers were unlimbering and unpacking their Pandora box of mysteries, which held:

(a) A couple of blocks of wood, traversed by deep grooves.

(b) Three bundles tied up in rags.

(c) As many little woodblock type as there are ants in an ant's nest.

(d) Two pairs of wooden forceps.

(e) A blue-glazed earthenware crock of stiff, well-kneaded clay.

(f) A neat stack of ricepaper, and a smaller stack of thin blue paper.

(g) A spool of white thread with some needles stuck in it; and

(h) Half-a-dozen ducks' feet, tied up in a cluster, like a bunch of flowers.

"There's been dirty work at the cross-roads!" I said. "But why secrete incriminating clues like the feet?"

"It's only their dinner," said Mr. Harry Lock. "Now let's get this copy straight." He scrabbled about with his manuscript, then laid it on the flat lid of the box, and explained it to the Father of the Chapel, who put on a huge pair of collapsible brass spectacles by way of

signifying that he had punched the clock, and was now ready for the doings. The other printer had been dipping his bandage in a stone horse-trough, but now he returned, ready for work.

The copy was distributed, and the making of the book began. First the clay was ladled into the grooves, dab by dab, on a kind of flat penholder. Then the hinged front of the hurdy-gurdy box was let down, displaying a kind of three-sided honeycomb, each cell of which teemed with type, each type being not a mere letter, but a word. Each printer took a block, a page of copy and a pair of wooden forceps.

A pause—then a pair of forceps made a dart into the box, snatched a tiny wooden type from its comb, and held it, for a fleeting second, before the myopic gaze of a printer, and slipped it swiftly into its place in the groove.

The first word had been set. The book was being born. . . .

"Well, guess I gotta get back to work," said Mr. Harry Lock. And we strolled away. . . .

I dropped into his shop after lunch. Mr. Harry Lock made a final clatter with the abacus and pushed aside a heap of hieroglyphically-ticketed samples of cloth.

"I've passed two batches of proofs already," he said. "Another lot oughta be ready now." He went into the yard. The head of the Chapel was just finishing a page. Three times more the forceps darted into cells of the comb, and, behold, the page was full. He covered the forme with a piece of flat wood, rapped it sharply with a mallet, deftly painted over the face of the type with black stuff and took up a sheet of rice paper. Laying this down he ran a felt-covered roller over it and lifted it.

He scrutinized it. A word was lopsided. "That type's loose," said Mr. Lock. He pointed to it. The head of the Chapel grunted, fished it out, dabbed in another bit of clay, and reset the type. Another proof was pulled. "All right. Let her go!" commented Mr. Lock—translating the injunction into a gurgle-gobble-gobble in the vernacular. . . .

I went home and tried to do some work, but the words I was reading made no impression on my brain. My

thoughts kept straying to that sunny yard, a few hundred yards away, where the two blue-bloused printers were speedily bringing a little book of verse into the world as their ancestors had accouched books long before the Roman legionaries marched north to disquiet our cave-dwelling forbears.

I had an early cup of tea and went back to Mr. Harry Lock.

"She'll be coming along soon," he said confidently. "It wants two hours to sunset yet. It's good stuff, boy. I've sent out for some more paper. We'll give her a bigger edition than I reckoned for."

In another hour the first edition had been printed. We walked about the yard, collecting the drying pages, blowing the dust from them, and collating them. As fast as a set of pages was collated and checked, the printers ran their needles in, out, in, out, in, broke off the thread, knotted it—and a book was finished, limp, dark-blue cover and all. A stack a foot high was ready as the sun sank, a great red ball, behind the dragon's head that jutted from the curved gable of the house next door.

Gurgle-gobble-gobble. The head of the Chapel spoke.

"Gee—just think of that!" exclaimed Mr. Harry Lock. "I've forgotten the fireworks! Come and lend me a hand." Up the street, at an open-fronted adobe-walled shop of beaten clay, where ornately painted coffin lids and tinsel money and macabre paper and wickerwork horses for the use of the dead were sold, we bought a dollar's worth of little red crackers, which the coffineer festooned around our necks and arms. There must have been a couple of bushels of them.

"Harry," I remarked apprehensively, as we turned back, "if anyone flings a butt end of a cigarette over the wall something tells me there will be considerable pyrotechnic activity in this ward."

"We'll hope for the best," said Mr. Lock, with a grin. "You see, you gotta have plentya fireworks when she's all ready for the launch. It scares away all the devils and hoodoos, not forgetting the grouch spooks and 'hants' that possess the critics who do the knocking."

. . . . .

So, in the gathering dusk, we had fireworks—a grand

display, ear-shattering and cosmic, like the noise of all the crackling thorns in the world beneath a vast stellar pot. A bottle of samshui was fetched, and we toasted the printers, and the printers toasted the book. And another and yet another festoon of crackers sprayed the blue gloaming with powdered gold. When the last cracker had cracked, and the samshui bottle had been held upside down for the second time without yielding a drop, and the head of the Chapel had promised to come early in the morning and stitch up the second edition, we called it a day, and went indoors to dine.

"Do you know X.Y.?" remarked Mr. Harry Lock, mentioning a prominent New York publisher. "It gives me a swift shooting pain when they tell me in Greenwich Village that he is some hustler. But, of course, I'm only a poor benighted Chink, whose country won't begin to wake up for another thousand years."

The Rise and Decline of Liberalism

By W. Purcell Witcutt
(A Young Conservative)*

POLITICAL thought can be compared to a great pendulum, ever swinging between the two opposite ideals of Liberty and Authority. In some periods of history men strive for Liberty, and place it far above Authority, in others men grow weary of Liberty, and yearn for Authority and Order.

Peering into the mists of time we dimly perceive the great monarchies of Egypt, Babylon, and Crete. There, truly, where the mighty dynasties of Pharaoh and Minos held sway, Authority was reverenced, for kings were likened unto gods, and worshipped as such. Yet there was doubtless a time even before that when Authority was set at naught, and Liberty was worshipped, for in one of the earliest dynasties of Egypt the Pharaoh seems to have been selected by rotation. At any rate, this worship of power and law came to an end, and in the time of old Hellas and young Rome, we find as many republics as in modern Europe—the Athenian Republic, the Roman Republic, the Carthaginian Republic, and countless more. This was the age of Plato, of Demosthenes, of Cicero, when Liberty was in power. But the pendulum swung back again, and worship of Authority returned with Alexander in the East, and the Cæsars in the West. This second reign of Authority lasted till the end of the Dark Ages and the Medieval Renaissance of the twelfth century. The Medieval period was marked by a great revival of the doctrine of Liberty; it was then that parliaments and guilds were first established. It was then that the slaves of antiquity became first serfs, and then free. It was then that multitudes of little republican city-states were set up in Italy.

With the Renaissance, however, Authority came back

* [*Articles and letters from Young Conservatives are invited, and will be published monthly. As far as possible replies will be given to those expressing doubts and difficulties. Brevity will necessarily be taken into consideration in selecting those for publication.*—ED.]

with a vengeance. There was then, as Hilaire Belloc writes, "a worship of civil authority, a deification of the state, an adoration of the Executive." That was the age when the doctrine of Divine Right was formulated, and when Machiavelli wrote. The swing of the pendulum away from that produced Liberalism.

Of course, all placing of Liberty higher than Authority could be called Liberalism, but it is not with that abstract Liberalism that we are concerned, it is with historical Liberalism—that which originated in the late-seventeenth century, and is dying even now; not to praise it or to curse it, but simply to look at it as an historical phenomenon.

The worship of Authority produced by the Renaissance died down because of the religious wars—governments ceased to be regarded as divine because very often one or both of the warring sects found themselves against the government—the Calvinists in the Netherlands, the Puritans in England, and even the Catholics of Paris thought of setting up a republic when besieged by Henry of Navarre. Nevertheless, these religious uprisings cannot be called Liberal, for sects warring against the government, such as the Puritans, proved themselves as illiberal as their opponents when their turn to rule came.

Real modern Liberalism can be said to have begun with the English revolution of 1688, and thus was not democratic at all in its origin, but purely aristocratic. It had its seeds, no doubt, in the Puritan revolution of forty years earlier; in the anti-despotic part of that revolution, that is to say, for with the religious part of the struggle it had no connection. The details of the Whig revolution should be carefully studied, for they have profoundly coloured and influenced Liberalism throughout its long political life. This revolution was an aristocratic one—its effects were the final overthrow of the old English monarchy, and the setting up of a powerful ruling class—an aristocracy—whose organ was the Parliament. It is important that the English aristocracy, which so firmly grasped the reins of power of 1688, ruled through a parliament, for because of that parliamentarism has been one of the chief tenets of historical Liberalism. If that aristocracy had ruled

through another organ it would not have been so, for surely abstract liberty and the rule of that particular kind of elective oligarchy called a parliament has no logical connection?

During the eighteenth century Liberalism began profoundly to interest the minds of thinking people, and it could be perceived that a new and powerful influence had come upon the scene. In France the revolution of 1688 had a great and long-lasting effect, for thinkers like Voltaire and Rousseau were influenced by it; and their writings, in conjunction with other and inevitable causes, brought about first the American Revolution, and then the great French Revolution. Doctrines were formulated —those of the social contract, and the sovereignty of the people, which insisted that all power sprang from the people, who had made a sort of contract with their rulers. This was quite opposite to the older theory of Divine Right, which held that the ruler ruled, not by a contract with his people, but by delegation of power from above. Both theories were partly right, for although the community is sovereign, yet the state has a divine right to exist.

At the end of the eighteenth century came the French Revolution, which, though incited by Liberal thinkers, was a social, not a political upheaval. It gave a great impetus to Liberalism, but injected into it theories which have contributed not a little towards its downfall, for the revolutionary thinkers, wishing to bring Liberalism into harmony with classical republicanism, turned it from an aristocratic into a democratic creed, thereby introducing discordant elements, such as the doctrine of equality. Equality can best be obtained under the rule of a despot, and so the Egalitarian side of the French Revolution had a logical result in Napoleon.

We all know the story of that mighty genius; how he almost made Europe into one great Empire with Paris as its capital, how this attempt failed because of the sentiment of Nationalism which it aroused; and how the old dynasties came back. It speaks well for the stability of the dynastic monarchies that set themselves up on the ruins of the feudal system that they survived so long after the pendulum had swung away from Authority. The modern parliamentary state will not endure so long.

In 1815 it seemed as if the last of Liberalism had been seen, and it would have been so except for another great force to which the Revolution had given a great impetus. That force was Nationalism. At the Congress of Vienna the old dynasties tried to put the clock back and pretend that there never had been such a thing as the French Revolution. They took no notice of Liberalism and Nationalism, except to create the Holy Alliance in order to suppress these two doctrines so dangerous to them. They might have suppressed Liberalism without Nationalism, or Nationalism without Liberalism, but the two together were irresistible. The restored Bourbons fell before this new alliance; the petty princes of Italy were swept away; everywhere save in Central Europe and Russia was the combination of Liberalism and Nationalism successful. Three great dynasties alone stood unbowed, the Hohenzollerns because they too had allied themselves with Nationalism, the Hapsburgs precariously, and the Romanoffs because they governed a population predominantly Asiatic.

The new Liberalism was not the aristocratic creed that had overthrown King James in 1688; the French Revolution had changed it. It had absorbed the doctrines of democracy and equality. It never lost the traces of its aristocratic origin, however, for the great Liberal Mazzini defined Liberal democracy as the rule of the best, which is not democracy at all, but aristocracy; and most important of all, it still retained the oligarchical institution of the parliament, or representative assembly which it set up wherever it gained a foothold.

In 1914 the great war burst like a thunderstorm over the world. Though primarily a nationalistic war, it resulted in the overthrow of the remaining old dynasties that really ruled, and the establishment upon their ruins of Liberal parliamentary republics. The triumph of Liberalism seemed complete. But 1918 resembled 1815 in more ways than one. Just as it had seemed the world had been made safe for dynastic Monarchy a hundred years earlier by the establishment of the Holy Alliance, so then the world was made "safe for democracy" by the establishment of the League of Nations. Just as 1815 was a sham victory for the old dynasties, so 1918 was a sham victory for Liberalism.

The Russian revolution, which at first seemed likely to set up a Liberal Republic in the home of the Czars, set up instead the Bolshevik Empire, utterly anti-democratic and illiberal. Not only that, Italy and Spain, long-established parliamentary states, have abandoned Liberalism altogether. Nay, even America, home of the second Liberal revolution, is rapidly becoming what is virtually an elective monarchy; and Prohibition, the Ku Klux Klan, and the new Inquisition reign where once Liberty was worshipped.

What is the cause of this collapse of Parliamentarianism? Of this failure of Liberalism? In itself it is not surprising, since Liberalism is at least two hundred years old, and therefore getting on in years as political theories go. But it seems only yesterday that the doctrine of democratic progress was universally held. The causes are several. The first and most important is that the pendulum of political thought, which ever since the seventeenth century has been swinging in the direction of Liberty, has now reversed its course and is once more swinging back towards Authority.

But we have seen how the old dynasties reigned long after the tide had set in the opposite direction, and why should not the new parliaments do the same? Because that opposite swing of the pendulum is helped by the nature of historical Liberalism, and by the rapid decay of the oligarchical parliaments which the nineteenth-century Liberals set up in the name of Democracy. The parliamentary experiment was doomed to failure, for although Liberalism was but restoring the medieval parliaments set up by the democratic movement of the twelfth century, yet it did not take into account the fact that the medieval parliaments were not sovereign, they did not rule alone, and were in fact but committees to decide about taxation. And history shows us that sovereign parliaments not backed up by strong aristocracies, as the English parliament and the Roman senate were, cannot rule.

Thus the parliamentary experiment would have only been successful had new aristocracies been erected with the new assemblies, and that was rendered impossible by the sentiment of equality, under whose influence the new democracy rapidly degenerated into a mere counting of

heads. Liberty and Equality are incompatible, and that is the reason why Liberalism has failed.

Another and potent cause of the failure of Liberalism was the Party System which developed in England out of the eighteenth-century faction fights of the two great parties of the Whigs and Tories. In the nineteenth century the ideals of these two great parties became practically the same, but the rivalry continued. The Tories or Conservatives were good at foreign policy, and the Whigs or Liberals were good at domestic policy, and so the nation grew into the habit of having Liberal and Conservative governments alternatively. The continental Liberals, thinking what was good for England in the nineteenth century would be just as good for all other nations for all time, slavishly copied the English constitution. The result was hopeless confusion, for in most of the continental parliaments, instead of there being two parties with much the same policy, there grew up a vast number of parties with entirely different programmes, with the result that no party had a majority over the others; and these unhappy countries were accordingly saddled with successions of weak and unstable combinations, which sometimes lasted only for a few weeks. Thus anarchy grew apace, and the people longed for a stable government, which in many cases was supplied by a dictator.

This weakness and instability were increased by the total abandonment of the right of government to use force if necessary. The results of this policy were seen in the pre-Fascist Italy, when what was virtually civil war went on while the government looked on supinely. For as Mussolini truly said: "The government that renounces any resort to force is at the mercy of the first organized group that decides to make an end of it." Thus the Italian parliament, having escaped from the Communists by the aid of the Fascisti, fell before the latter.

Liberal democracy seems fated to perish in the strife of illiberal Communism and illiberal Fascism, opposite extremes and yet both illiberal, which is significant. As the religious struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were forgotten in the clash of political theories in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, so these last

will be forgotten in the clash of social and economic theories in the twentieth.

In our own country the reign of "constitutionalism" seems to be waning, the Press and the Trade Unions now exercise far more power than the Parliament, which becomes less and less able to direct the course of events. What will supersede it no one knows; perhaps the next swing of the pendulum will be towards autocracy.

Liberalism, then, is dead. It cannot be resuscitated; one can only weep over it, and hold a post-mortem on the corpse, to ascertain the cause of its unhappy demise.

There will probably be attempts to re-establish it about the middle of the century, but that will only be a temporary reaction, and by the end of the century it will be as dead as the proverbial door-nail—till the pendulum, in the course of centuries, swings back towards Liberty.

A Reply

By Kenneth Pickthorn

(Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge)

Author of "Some Historical Principles of the Constitution"

THIS is an interesting attempt to discuss what was the essential principle of Liberalism. Some of the history might certainly be questioned: whether Liberty was in power in the age of Demosthenes; in what sense the medieval period saw a great revival of the doctrine of Liberty; whether English Liberalism has no connection with the religious part of the seventeenth-century struggle; whether Voltaire and Rousseau had much to do with bringing about the American Revolution; whether the French Revolution was social and not political; whether twentieth-century Spain and Italy are fairly described as "long established parliamentary States."

Even when the author ceases to be historical, he is not always absolutely convincing. "Surely," he says, "abstract liberty and the rule of that particular kind of elective

oligarchy called a parliament have no logical connection." What is abstract liberty? I don't know. But if it means doing as you choose, then "surely" you get more of it under a system where your previous consent is necessary to limitations on your choice, even though the consent is reflected and refracted through the medium of representation, than you do under most other systems.

And is it so certain that "the Press and the Trade Unions now exercise far more power than the Parliament"? It is often said, but it may not be true. Where are now the hats the *Daily Mail* wanted us to wear? The men who control a trade union have great powers, but our attention is fixed much more just now on the things they can do than on the things they can't, and two of the things they find it very difficult to do are to keep their control for any length of time, and to control more than one union for a common purpose.

Far the most valuable of Mr. Witcutt's conclusions seem to be these: first, that Versailles in trying to make the world safe for democracy may have served democracy as ill as Vienna did autocracy when autocracy was the principle to be eternized (and, incidentally, it may be noted that this country was rather less than half-hearted on both occasions); secondly, that contemporary instability is largely due to the abandonment by modern governments of the right to use force. Nowadays there is a tendency to allow force to Fenians, Communists, sewermen, suffragists, anti-vaccinationists (for conscientious objection is a sort of passive force)—every sectional interest and sectarian prejudice, only not to legal governments and established nations. For this it is difficult to see any moral warrant; and perhaps the chief duty of conservatism is to reaffirm the right to use force inherent in the lawful government of an historic people.

It is to be hoped that this task may be completed before it is effectively taken over by a secret society or a military junta; and it may be suggested that one method of approach is by trying to see what makes a pendulum stop swinging one way and start the other, rather than allowing oneself to be bluffed into the belief that the moving pendulum moves irrespective of our piety and wit.

Stella Mary

By M. M. Thorp

"Indiscretions bristle from a young girl the way branches do from a bush."

STELLA MARY milked the cow on Monday, and when that was done she went for a plant to show her thanks. But she forgot the pail to move, and the cow kicked it over, so that she had to go and borrow milk from O'Flaherty's for the tea that night and the children's supper. So, on Tuesday, Bridget milked the cow, and Stella Mary was put to clean the children and take them to bed. Then she began to fold their clothes, but in putting them to bed quickly to prevent their taking cold, she had left the things all in a heap. She sorted them as well as she could; but in the morning Ellen Kate was screaming for her dress, and Tommeen went to school with Aloysius John's boots flapping on his feet. So, on Wednesday, Stella Mary baked the bread. She forgot to put in the yeast, so that it came out as flat as the palm of my hand. Bridget, her mother, wailed, and said: "Now go out and lay your hand on nothing, for what you touch you spoil. And the saints give you sense, for they only know what kind of a wife you'll be making himself, Stella Mary."

At that word Stella Mary went out and sat herself down in the field, where the grass is long and the trees hang over, and her heart was sad. Just then, Angus Og came by, and touched her eyes, so that she saw him as an old woman, who said: "Good day to you, and why do you look so sadly, Cushla Machree?"

And Stella Mary said: "On Monday I filled the pail, and the cow kicked it over; but one day's milk is a little thing, and it taught me better, so what did it matter? On Tuesday I put the children to bed, and they were late in the morning, because of Ellen Kate's dress, and Tommeen in Aloysius John's boots; but now I have learned that Aloysius John has bigger boots than Tommeen, and I shall know it again. But to-day I forgot

the yeast, so that the bread is as flat as the palm of my hand, and may the saints give me sense, or what kind of a wife will I be making himself?"

Then Angus Og looked upon her and saw that she was as pale and beautiful as the moonlight, and her eyes were stars in a shadow, and her hair was a darkness, and what does a girl like that want with common sense? But he said aloud: "Go, then, to the shop that the saints keep, and they will give you what you want, Savourneen Deelish." At that she jumped up with her star eyes shining. "Where may I find that shop?" she asked. "A hard way," said he. "Round the next corner, and may your foot never falter." And with that he smiled, and went away.

Stella Mary thanked him a thousand times, and stepped down into the lane with her heart high in her breast, and her eyes glad, to buy sense from the saints, and all for the sake of himself. But the way was a hard way, as Angus Og had said, and Stella Mary found that the next corner has a way of slipping past when the eyes are turned aside, and becoming the last corner, with a stony road in front. It did this many times, but at last, by catching hold of the corner while she walked round it, she came to a little shop. In she went, and St. Martha sat waiting for her. She said nothing, but took out a hard square piece and gave it to Stella Mary. "Half will be enough," she said, "if you can swallow that." Stella Mary looked at it and turned it over, and looked at it again. "And I will be after making himself a good wife," she said, "milking the cow and baking the bread, and never a thing forgotten—the best wife in Connacht?" "It's himself will be telling you," said St. Martha, and she smiled. Then Stella Mary found herself outside, and the corners flashing past on the way back, till she was standing in the field again, with the hard square piece in her hand. "Half will be enough," said she, "and I will be the best wife in Connacht. I'll be taking the whole and there'll be no better in all Erin."

So she put her teeth in the piece, and it was hard as a stone, and bitter, but she took the whole for the sake of himself and his happiness. Then she sat down again for a little, till the bitterness should pass; but as she looked

about her, she became weary of idleness, and the long grass was unsightly in her eyes, and the brambles needed cutting. A blackbird near her pecked for worms, and a lark danced and sang in the sun, but her anger rose against them, for they were idle too, and she got up and turned home quickly. When she got near, she could see Ellen Kate rolling down a slope and laughing. Stella Mary was like a hind for grace and fleetness, and she ran and picked up the child and set her on her feet. Aloysius John looked out at the window. "Glory be to God!" said he. "And only yesterday she was asking to let the child be, if it made her happy. What have the Good Folk been after saying to you, Stella Mary?" Stella Mary wrinkled her brow, for her folk used to say when she came from the field with the dreams dark in her eyes, that she had been with the Good Folk; and it pleased her once, so that her common sense stabbed her heart at Aloysius John's words. "Go and do your work and let me do mine," she said. "There's plenty waiting." And she took Ellen Kate by the hand and went within, while Aloysius John stared after her and said very softly: "Glory be to God!"

Stella Mary took the dirty frock off Ellen Kate and put her on her Sunday one. Then she heated water and began washing, but the child was playing on the floor with a cockroach, so she set her on a high table to keep her clean the while.

"You can watch me and learn," said Stella Mary, while Ellen Kate let off a screech to pierce your ears. She scrubbed and rinsed, and wrung, and put it to dry, and then set to making a new batch of bread. Ellen Kate fell asleep on the table, where Bridget found her, after Stella Mary had forgotten.

That night, when the children were in from school, and it was getting dark, they caught Stella Mary by the skirts to come and tell them a tale of what the Good Folk said to her. Stella Mary took them to the chimney-corner, like she always did, but when they had settled down, with the firelight shining on their happy faces, she took out little samplers that she had made, and gave them one each to work. The children stopped chattering and looked wistfully at the ugly little pieces, but Stella Mary urged

them, and they slowly began, while she got the supper. Ellen Kate came to help her, and dropped a batch of potato-cakes in the fire, and cried over them. Stella Mary would have kissed her and laughed, and tried to make more potato-cakes, and made them all wrong. But to-day she slapped Ellen Kate, and made a beautiful new batch, and it was in everybody's minds that they were not so pleased as they ought to be. Her father and brothers teased her a little, as they always did, but she was too busy to hear, and the children were tired of work, and fighting.

After supper was done, Stella Mary washed the things, till her mother came to her: "Himself's at the door," said she. It was on Stella Mary's tongue to say that she was busy, but her habit was strong upon her, and she put down the things, and dried her hands, and went out. Himself was standing there in the moonlight, and he came and kissed her. "Will you walk a little way with me?" he said, Stella Mary had kissed him as she kissed Aloysius John, and she said: "You'll be getting cold in this air." "Cold?" said he, thinking she was laughing at him. "And why should two that go together be getting cold?" "Come in," said Stella Mary. "It will be damp by the river. My father is within, and pleased to see you." "You were not afraid of the river last night," said he, wondering. "No," she answered, "but to-night has found me wiser than last night left me." "And yet you are not feeling your throat sore?" said he. "I was not thinking of myself, but you." "No need to think of me, asthore. It's I that am wondering where the Little Folk have been leading you to-day." It was a word in jest, but Stella Mary grew angry.

"I'm not heeding your child's talk of the Little Folk," she said. "But I have gained in wisdom to-day, by the grace of the saints." "Then may they increase your wisdom till you come to folly again," said he. "But tell me the way of your wisdom, asthore." So Stella Mary told him all; of the bread without yeast, and the field and the shop and St. Martha.

"She gave me a hard square piece," she said, "and told me to eat the half, and himself would be telling me if I were the best wife in Connacht. So I ate the whole,

that my wisdom might be increased and I, by her work, might be the best in all Erin."

"You would have been the best in God's earth without," said he.

"I would not," said Stella Mary, half crying. "For when I burnt the cakes and forgot to cook, and your coat went torn, tell me, would you have said that word?"

"It's yourself I want, Stella Mary," said he, "you that would have laughed when I was sad, and made me laugh too; for that is a greater thing than spoilt flour."

"Then she you wanted has gone away," said Stella Mary sadly. "There is no laughter in my heart."

"It will come back," he said. "It will come back. Come you with me when the sun is rising and we will go to Angus Og, the Lover and Laugher, and he will give it you again."

So when the clouds were gold in the east, Stella Mary rose, and came to where himself was waiting in the field, where the grass is long and the trees hang over. She put her hand in his and held fast to him, and they walked the hard way she had gone alone, till they came to Angus Og, with the glory of the morning and his beauty upon him. And when they returned, the stars were in her eyes, and himself was glad at heart because of Stella Mary, who had come back.

Compulsory Irish

By John Sherlock

TWENTY-FIVE years ago George Moore, disgusted with what he called the "vulgarity" of London, went to live in Dublin. While there he took an active interest in the revival of Irish, and was credited with saying that he would do anything for the language except learn it. Whether he used these words or not, they seem to represent the attitude of the majority of the Free State Government with regard to the old tongue. The President and most of his colleagues do not know Irish, and they have not time to learn it, but they have given a free hand to a minority of their colleagues, who have some knowledge of the language, in carrying out a policy the object of which is to replace English by Irish as the current speech of the Free State.

The word "Dublin" no longer appears on the postmark of letters from the capital of the Free State. It is replaced by the words "Baile atha cliath," which are pronounced "Balia aha cleea," and mean in English, "The town of the ford of the hurdles." That was the name of the little town on the south bank of the River Liffey, which, in the days before the invasion of the Danes, was the precursor of the Dublin of to-day. The town was connected with the north bank of the river by a ford, and the course of the ford was marked by hurdles. Hence the name.

Few people in Dublin use the old name, which has now been disinterred and adopted as the new name by the Post Office. Most of them do not know what it means, and do not know how to pronounce it. They take no notice of it.

Many other towns are also the subject of Post Office propaganda for the revival of Irish, but these efforts are only a small and insignificant part of the campaign for the restoration of Irish. To university students and candidates for the Civil Service a knowledge of Irish is of

prime importance, and special encouragement is given to the language in the army and in the civic guards.

Even these activities are only adjuncts to the main work of the revivalists. They recognize that, if the Free State is ever to become a predominantly Irish speaking country, the language must be taught to the children in the primary schools. It cannot be taught in the homes, for nine-tenths of the parents know nothing about it.

But the teachers cannot teach it to the children until they learn it themselves. Accordingly, for the last two years special summer courses of intensive study in Irish have been held for the teachers, and, in addition, every inducement has been held out to them to devote all their spare time to learning the language. Meantime the children are learning such fragments of Irish as their teachers are able to convey to them.

If enthusiasm on the part of those behind this movement to force people to learn Irish could determine the result success would be theirs. But there is one factor over which they have no control, and which, above everything else, is bound to cause them to fail. That factor is the difficulty of the language itself.

Inflections in Irish present perhaps no greater and certainly no less difficulty than inflections in German or French, but the idiomatic structure is so different from that of English that even the simplest sentences have to be recast completely in order to be translated from one language into the other. The mastery of Irish idioms is, however, a simple matter in comparison with the acquisition of a comprehensive vocabulary.

The English speaking student of French comes across large numbers of words so similar in appearance to the corresponding words in English as to furnish some pretext for Voltaire's remark, that English is only French badly pronounced. In the case of Italian and Spanish he gets the same kind of help, though not to the same extent, in acquiring a vocabulary. German contains hundreds of words whose roots are almost identical with those of common English words, and, when the student grasps the idea of stringing roots together so as to form new words, his troubles are lightened considerably.

When he comes to study Irish he gets no such help.

Practically none of the words bear any resemblance to the corresponding words in English. The acquisition of a vocabulary is a matter of brute force memory.

Spelling in Irish has a certain structural perfection, which may please the pedant, but it is cumbersome. It is overladen with silent letters which add to the strain on the student's memory. Further, there is a strict rule according to which, in words of more than one syllable, a broad vowel, a, o, or u, on one side of a consonant must be followed by a broad vowel on the other, and a slender vowel, e or i, must be followed by a slender vowel. If this principle were applied in English the spelling of thousands of words would be lengthened, so that the eye might not be offended by the sight of a broad vowel on one side of a consonant and a slender vowel on the other side. For instance, "rabid" would be spelled "rabaid," and "illusion" would be rendered by some such combination as "ialluision."

Another heartbreaking difficulty for the student is the system of changes in the sounds of the initial consonants of words, which is known as aspiration and eclipsis. It cannot, like the spelling, be altered. It is an essential feature of the language. It is governed by numerous and complex rules, which are a source of bewilderment to the learner until, by dint of repetition, he becomes accustomed to them. "Bean," pronounced "ban," means a woman. With the definite article in the nominative singular the word is aspirated. It is then spelled "bhean," and pronounced "van." With the article in the genitive plural the word "ban," pronounced "bawn," which means "of women" is eclipsed. It is then spelled "mban," and is pronounced "mawn." There is scarcely a sentence of any length in Irish which does not involve aspiration or eclipsis or both.

When the student has attained a certain stage of proficiency he is handicapped by the fact that there is no adequate dictionary of modern Irish in existence. Father Dineen's dictionary, which contains from 30,000 to 40,000 words, is the best, but the student will find that it does not contain many of the words which he sees in the little books of Irish ballads published in recent years.

Owing to the political disturbances, continued through

centuries, which prevented literary Irish from developing on normal lines, modern Irish does not contain the scientific, business, legal, and technical terms which are essential for the conduct of affairs in latter day civilized communities. They are being gradually supplied by experts, but the absence of agreement among the experts retards the process of making good the deficiency. Meanwhile the student does not know where he stands.

The present programme of national education in the Free State prescribes a minimum of one hour's instruction per day in Irish. History and geography are supposed to be taught through the medium of that language. The result is that, outside the Irish speaking districts, education is suffering and teachers and taught are having a bad time.

There is much discontent but little grumbling. Events in the Free State, during the last few years, have not favoured the free expression of public opinion, and there is great reluctance to say anything which may seem to savour of anti-national sentiment. The prevailing attitude of the mass of the public towards the policy of forcing Irish on the children is one of indifference. Later on it may become one of hostility. But even without this change the policy of coercion is bound to fail. Irish is too difficult a language to be taught on a wholesale scale by teachers who know little about it to children who know even less.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Iraq Question.

"I saw King Feisal to-day," remarked Heddle, "A sad-looking chap——"

"So would you be," interrupted Sergeant Murphy, "if the brewers were holdin' a conference as to whether to keep you on as manager here or to give you the push. Suppose Misther Baldwin was to say to-morrow to his diminutive but aggressive liftenant, 'Misther Amery, you've put up a good fight, but in the intherests of peace and what they call lazy-fire you must give way. So begin be firin' our frind Feisal. I like him personally, though he ought to wear a bowler, but Churchill has been tellin' me that the cash registher at the Threasury has been growin' cobwebs of late and we must dhraw in our horns. So give Feisal the usual month's notice, and tell him he'll have a testimonial that ought to get him a job as King anywhere east of Suez. Even Greece might be lookin' for a king and mightn't want to dhraw the colour line. Annyhow, Feisal will have his old job as King of the Hedgehogs, and can make a livin', I hope, in the retail camel thrade. But his last pay envelope from us reaches him on the 31st, and he'll be written off.'

"Now, Heddle, with that prospect before him do you expect King Feisal to go Pavlovain' down Whitehall for joy? Not likely."

"We ought to clear out of Iraq," said Heddle firmly. "We can't afford it."

"Maybe we can't," replied the Sergeant, "but there's a divil of a lot of other things we can't afford to pay for but are. And I'm not so sure of this Iraq business at all at all.

"Listen, Heddle. In the sthress of war some of our leaders made promises—small blame to thim! Who wouldn't whin thim murdherin' submarines were playin' hell with our shippin'?—Some of the promises look rash nowadays, but they didn't in the spring of nineteen-eighteen, and wan of thim had to do with this Iraq. What it was I can't definitely say, but if it was that we

were goin' to stand by Iraq and intherfere with the ancient privilege of the Turks to vivisect their nonconformist subjects, we're not the people to cry off and say we can't afford it. Pay and be damned. We're not hucksthers pleadin' the Gamin' Act. And if we're goin' to go back on our word because the Turk, with a little encouragement from parts of Fleet Sthreet, gives us an ugly look, our name is mud in the East.

"Mind you, I don't know the thrue facts. If we made only a limited promise, let's keep our word without any Don Quickshot business. Iraq is a bad invistmint. It must be, or the Americans would have been after a share in it.

"But because a few newspapers keep headlinin' 'Get Out Of Iraq,' and because a leader-writer, who has picked up a complete knowledge of the East on the Husbands' Boat to Margate, states that Feisal's stepfatherland is only a waste, for us to sthrike camp and hand Christians over to the care of the Turk would be rotten cowardice and meanness.

"The curse of the billion-circulation newspapers, Heddle, is that the editorial side is conthrolled entirely be the advertisin' manager. He knows that if you repeat often enough, 'Bunko Cures Boils,' you'll have millions believin' it in the end. Therefore the 'Daily Gasp' in all its editions, includin' the wan containin' the soul-stirrin' conthributions of the Dancin' Correspondent, keeps on repeatin' 'Get Out Of Iraq' with the same industhry and the same knowledge as Sullivan's parrot in its orations.

"Another thing makes me laugh, Heddle—the way these papers go on tellin' us what a gintleman the Turk is. Did you ever hear of the way our chaps were threated after Kut? Or what happened to the Armenians? Or what the simple-minded Turk did to the Greeks whin he took Smyrna a year or two back? But what's the good of talkin'?

"It's the divil's own business nowadays, Heddle. At the moment there appear to be just three kinds of Governmint, the Bolshie, the Mussolini, and the Billion-Circulation."

"Which of the three is the best?" asked Heddle.

"None of thim," answered Sergeant Murphy. "Ask me which of thim is the worst."

1914—1925

By Stephen Stothert

Lo, we left all and followed Thee!
Lord, say it was Thy voice we heard,
The same entrancing spell that stirred
Those simple men of Galilee
To shed the husk of peace, and make
Unwonted warfare for Thy sake.

"Not peace I bring you but a sword,"
Thou spakest; we let fall the tools,
Forsook the nets, set back the stools,
Left at Thy clarion warning, Lord,
The vine untrimmed, unturned the sod.
Who then dared cry, "There is no God"?

Did not our hearts burn bright with flame
As of Thy kindling? Could we see
Red hate o'erwhelm humanity
And keep unsoiled our manhood's name,
Forego its birthright meed of praise,
Cravens in those high-hearted days?

Nay, we must share this last Crusade,
Armoured with Duty's panoply,
Or stand for ever shamed to see
Thy love fordone, Thy world unmade.
Peace? Even Peace had then girt on
Hauberk and helm, an Amazon.

So we left all—our work, our wealth
Long harvested but scant enough,
Wives, children, homes—the very stuff
Of our hearts' texture, reason, health:
The pearls we reckoned half divine
Infatuate we threw—to swine?

Thereafter—hunger, filth, disease;
The whining threats that bate the breath,
The hovering and the burrowing death
That many claimed—the happier these;
All gladly borne, for then no flaws
Yet seamed the splendour of the Cause.

Then—victory, and return: the noise
Of thousand-tongued applause, which yet
No ear that heard it may forget.
The flattered sense might lack for poise—
How could we stoop to doubt, how see
Pretence veneer hostility?

How guess that comradeship, the fire
That warmed us through the joyless frost
Of five chill years, should soon be lost,
And Faith's bright sun ere long expire,
That should have seen Hope's wings, unfurled,
Flit o'er a new and lovelier world?

Hope, faith and comradeship—what change
In human hearts we hoped to see
Wrought by that blood-sealed trinity!
Ruler with ruled it needs must range,
Learning with labour, strength with soul,
Confederate in one Christian whole.

O fools and blind! To-day we see
To read our lesson all too well,
Each watching, from his proper hell
Of want, despair and misery,
Gaol, madhouse, or a self-sought grave
Loom stark ahead, and none to save,

None. They that bought Thy life have sold
Us, Lord, Thy followers. Judas locks
His thirty shekels safe; he mocks
Our bitter need with flaunted gold,
And passes on exulting—his
The profit, ours the precipice.

What of the Ruler? "Nay, be wise,
Forget," he wheedles. See him stand
Outstretching o'er our Dead a hand
That clasps the foe's, the while he cries:
"Vengeance is mine: I will repay—
All that you stole but yesterday."

The money-changer waxes sleek
On the heart's life-blood that we gave;
The Scribe, the money-changer's slave,
Preaches of justice, tongue in cheek;
He that sold doves is grown to be
Lordlier than any Pharisee.

Scribe, Ruler, Merchant—which receives
Greater damnation, who can tell?
Yet this we know, that vengeance fell
Once on another den of thieves.
Where is Thy scourge of cords to-day?
Usque quo tandem, Domine?

Week-Ends

By M. R. Betts

THE distance takes the roaring train,
The platform sleeps in peace again,
And through the sudden hush is heard
The little song of some small bird
Who doesn't know of London Town
And has no smuts upon his gown,
And Chelsfield spire at evening's edge
Gathers the country, field and hedge,
Farmhouse and lane and tree and sod
And points them steadfastly to God.

Orchestral Concerts for Children

By Robert Mayer

In view of his famous dictum that "all art constantly aspires towards the condition of music," it is interesting to speculate how Pater would regard the present relationship of the arts to music. Has each been reacting on the other, or is it merely that the spirit of revolt, running side by side in each, has brought us to the present welter of jazz and cubism? Whatever the answer to this may be, the teacher of every art is aware that as one can only convey ideas to another human being in a language that both know, so also one can only cultivate his artistic instincts aright by the use of a common tradition. It is true that the element of change will always have to be allowed for, otherwise the arts would cease to be living forces, but it is the part of wisdom to see that that element is not allowed to submerge, or sweep away, what the past has been at such pains to build up. In other words, the best chance of conserving the good that the past has bestowed is by the cultivation of intelligent appreciation—that is taste. But it cannot be too strongly urged that a liberal culture can subsist only on the efforts of those who have gone before, while the full value of such culture is in no wise to be obtained except by the persuasive enlightenment of natural sympathies, and those sympathies will never produce their finest flower unless they are generously encouraged when the ardour of youth is strong.

Of all arts this applies particularly to music with its insistent appeal to the emotions and, material necessities apart, it is for the emotions we live if we can be said to live at all. When primeval man was happy at his work he began to sing and to play, and this longing has been carried down the ages. The unique position of music is that it is its own interpreter. Its hold is upon men's moods rather than upon their intellects. It sways their actions through their emotions rather than through their

intelligence. As it is the most democratic and universal of all the arts it claims the whole field of life as the domain of its activities, and it seems to me that he who induces the love of it in any individual does actually open up a new sphere of action for the human spirit. Most will agree with this thesis, and yet few act on their conviction. With the vast majority, music is at present a secondary or negligible matter, a topic seldom discussed or thought of, and first performances of new compositions, the advent of a new musician, or similar event, pass by nearly unnoticed in the helter-skelter of the present day. In short, the great public is unaware that although something akin to a musical Renaissance is taking place in this country, musicians are still, unfortunately, often driven abroad for recognition, and even for inspiration. For anyone believing in the power and beauty of music, this is dire disappointment, although it is scarcely surprising, considering the lack of training and tradition. To remedy this evil one has to get to the beginning of things—one has to sow the seeds on the most fruitful soil—the young. For nearly every child possesses an instinct and an innate love for music which need but the right guidance in order to expand and blossom.

It was my good fortune to hear some time ago in New York, Mr. Walter Damrosch's orchestral concerts for children. These suggested to me a way of putting my thoughts into action and, working along his lines, I arranged for a series of concerts in 1924 and 1925, and commenced last month a third series which will extend to next May. Each concert will take place on Saturday morning at the Central Hall, Westminster, under the direction of Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who is so much admired and beloved by youthful audiences, the orchestra being selected from the leading London players. At these concerts children learn to appreciate the composition of an orchestra and the nature and use of each instrument, all of which the conductor explains to them, taking care that the hearers become gradually familiarized with the sound of each instrument, and understand how it contributes to the perfection of the whole. With the help of the piano and suitably chosen words, he then gets the children to sing the principal melodies, and at the same

time he elucidates the composer's ideas, thus preparing the children's minds for the unfolding and performance by the full orchestra of the work selected. This is generally a classical masterpiece, but modern compositions are not neglected. The expositions are couched in the simplest language, and are entirely non-scholastic, the secret of success being to explain to the children without their being aware that they are being taught. Above all, the atmosphere is one of joy, stimulating the children's emotions and enthusiasm, and in many cases awakening in them a desire to play instruments which, without these concerts, might have remained unthought of until too late.

The results so far obtained show that boys are as much attracted by these concerts as girls, but in the audiences girls predominate largely. This is a sad reflection indicating how little importance is usually placed upon music in a boy's education. So far as the boys are concerned this requires a radical alteration, for statistics prove that, at present, at public schools, only 7 per cent. of the boys can be termed musical. How different this would doubtless be if proper opportunities were offered to these boys. Many recognize this in after life, yet how few try to let the next generation reap the benefit of their experience. This seems all the more incomprehensible as every educationist now attaches great importance to the value of beauty to life, and according to Pater, music is the base of all æsthetic activities.

Concerts not unlike mine are given at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Eastbourne, and Oxford, while in London the Philharmonic Choir, the South London Philharmonic, the People's Concert Society, and other societies arrange musical performances for the young. The movement is spreading further; many municipal authorities are becoming interested and ere long the general public will awake to its importance. In the meantime the enthusiasm as well as the ever-increasing interest of teachers and parents can be taken as an indication that my concerts are firmly established in London, and should be capable of further expansion. The effective tendency of the concerts will be to broaden the sympathies and widen the

outlook of every child who attends them, and apart from its value of inculcating habits of accuracy and concentration, the learning of music will open many doors to the intelligence and will greatly help in guiding the emotions into right channels.

My aim can be summarized thus: to give children the chance of hearing the finest music, performed by the best artists, under ideal conditions; to encourage similar concerts all over the country; to make the fullest educative use of an agency which in the past has not been sufficiently recognized; to create early in life the habit and desire to attend concerts where the world's masterpieces are performed, and, finally, to make music a factor in our daily life, and thereby add to life's interest and adornment. Who will say that lives so enriched are not assets of ever-increasing value to the community?

Our national poet, who saw deeper into life than most of us, said long years ago:

> The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,

and if by bringing music in we can keep the treasons and stratagems out, surely we have a better chance of reaching that balance of life for which the world is now aching.

Truth, Beauty, and Balderdash

By Horace Shipp

Mrs. Warren's Profession, by Bernard Shaw. (Regent.)
Ghosts, by Henrik Ibsen. (Everyman.)
Chauve Souris. (Strand.) *Pavlova Season*. (Covent Garden.)
The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, by Frederick Lonsdale. (St. James's.)

LET us hasten to qualify. Mr. Shaw's play, which has been creating a sensation by arriving thirty years after it was written, is, if I understand it rightly, a belated pamphlet advocating a woman's right to earn her living without taking up either marriage or prostitution as a career. Whatever we may individually think upon this problem of economics the passage of those thirty years has made the play on this score distinctly out-of-date, and the daringly prophetic social "truth" which Mr. Shaw flung out at the 1890's has become a platitude of 1925. Ibsen's *Ghosts* shares its fate; at least that is so as regards its surface drama. I believe I am right in saying that the tragedy of hereditary disease which is part of the fabric of Ibsen's play is discounted now by medical science. It becomes very difficult for us to-day to understand the furore which this play created, and to remember that the new movements in drama in Scandinavia, in Germany, in France, and in England raised their banner by productions of this piece. Truths, one has to observe, begin by being exaggerations, become true, and end as platitudes or banalities.

Nor is beauty more absolute. These Russians, either in the light entertainment and frank burlesque of such a cabaret show as the *Chauve Souris*, or in the highly-developed art of Madame Pavlova, create on the stage works of art which thrill and inspire us. They take us from the real world to an ideal one; they bring us vision and joy. If we say "but . . ." it is because they fall short of their own high purpose.

And when we use that full-sounding old English word balderdash for the highly successful production of the always successful Mr. Lonsdale, whose play comes to us rendered failure-proof by the presence of Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Gladys Cooper, with a host of

brilliant supporters, it is rather an expression of annoyance that a useless thing should be so well done, than a too-violent quarrel with the individual example. Its very eminence will send this piece careering round the principal stages of the world as an example of what the English stage is producing at its best, and many of us who are rather jealous of the English tradition are angry with Mr. Lonsdale that he is not representing us more worthily. Witty, wonderfully acted, well produced, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* can claim to be a shining example of the diamonds-of-the-duchess type of drama to which it belongs, but it appertains so thoroughly to the other side of the footlights that it has no importance whatever as thought or art.

This is the crux of the question in the theatre. We may disagree very violently, indeed, with what Bernard Shaw or Henrik Ibsen are saying to us in their plays, but they are saying *something*, they are treating us as though we had adult intelligences, and were interested in big issues and social ideas. Mr. Lonsdale, on the other hand, belongs to that school of dramatists who build up an elaborate stage story, directed chiefly to the end of a series of good stage situations which will give their leading ladies and gentlemen "strong" parts, and which have no connection worth speaking of with the life we meet at the door of the theatre as we leave, or the human beings we encounter in our coming and going on the earth. Hence "balderdash," which my dictionary tells me means "a jargon of words; noisy nonsense."

This is not a plea for realism in the theatre. The group of thoroughly unpleasant people in *Mrs. Warren's Profession* are not particularly real. They are incarnate ideas and principles, and their appeal to us is as ideas more than as persons. One may, for example, believe intensely in the principle of a girl's right to stand upon her own feet economically, and yet dislike the hard little creature, Vivie Warren, whom Shaw has made the mouthpiece of these ideas. One may find Mrs. Warren in spite of her vulgarity a thoroughly interesting and even likeable woman, and hate the philosophy of life she symbolizes. Or we may claim with perfect fairness that both of these are overdrawn, that all the characters

are overdrawn, to gratify the iconoclastic desire of Shaw to tumble the gods of Victorian complacency from their pedestals. Whatever our attitude, however, to the problems raised, and to the people in the play, the outstanding point of interest lies in the conflict of big and important ideas. Shaw may not have stated the truth, but he was searching for it, and definitely trying to influence the social thought currents of his day by stating it as he saw it.

The same thing applies to Ibsen's *Ghosts*. When first we see it we are moved by the human tragedy of hereditary taints. In this mood it is the son's play; Mr. Ernest Milton's almost terrifying rendering of the part at the Everyman Theatre and the power and personality of his acting tend to hold us to this conception. But Ibsen's play goes deeper than this. It is essentially the Mother's tragedy, the tragedy of the woman, who in a world of shams and compromises knew the truth. Here it becomes one with the whole wonderful campaign on behalf of the courage to face facts which is the keynote of all Ibsen's writing. The heart of the play lies in Mrs. Alving's outburst in the second act: "It is not only what we have inherited from our father and mother that 'walks' in us, It is all sorts of dead ideas and lifeless old beliefs and so forth. They have no vitality, but they cling to us all the same. Whenever I take up a newspaper I seem to see Ghosts gliding between the lines. And then we are one and all so pitifully afraid of the light."

That is the creed upon which Ibsen built his plays; his whole life was one fight with these dead ideas, and because it was so he has his place among those who have helped human thought to move forward.

Probably it is because we are "so pitifully afraid of the light" that we take refuge in the theatricality and half truth of work like *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* or Mr. Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat*. They are the intoxicants, the false stimulants. They bring us nothing lasting either as idea or as vision, but serve the minor purpose of the theatre as a pastime for tired people. This function of antidote to life should really be served by the theatre of beauty, with its power of creating works of pure art which will take the mind completely away from the real world

in the way that a fine picture or a piece of music can. One needs but to watch Pavlova in such moments as those when she dances the Serenade with Novikoff to realize rapture. Or again, if one thinks of the tremendous fun and vitality of the entertainment of the *Chauve Souris*, it is something basically real and true of its kind. In the productions of the Russian Ballet, which is returning to us, this type of stage work reaches its apotheosis: it gives us the perfect theatre of beauty.

The plea is for a theatre of adult intellect. It may mark one as irrevocably highbrow to be asking that the productions on the stages of our country should concern themselves either with truth or with beauty, but it must be remembered that the real culture and therewith the stability of our whole civilization depends largely upon having a thinking and educated community. That is not a little thing. The standard of intelligence we cultivate in our theatre and in our reading is the measure of that culture. It is, moreover, the standard whereby our culture is judged abroad, and I confess that one is considerably more proud of one's nationality when we can claim a theatre alive to the finest drama and stagework of our own and other people, than when we are driven to Prague or Berlin to see intelligent work because our theatre is devoted to servant-girl fiction dramatized.

Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's Life of John Bright*

By A. A. B.

It is a rare pleasure to note the transmission of literary ability from father to son. Sir George Trevelyan has given us one of the best biographies in the Life and Letters of his uncle Macaulay, though it must be added that those two charming volumes write themselves, being almost entirely composed of the letters of the great man. Apart from Macaulay, Sir George seems to be as unhappy in his choice of a hero as his son. Charles Fox was a very poor hero, being the idle and dissolute son of the most unprincipled and corrupt politician in the eighteenth century. John Bright was in every respect the antithesis of Fox, but he cuts as poor a figure when the attempt is made to put him on an heroic pedestal. His private life is quite uninteresting, being that of the middle-class dissenter, full of domestic affection and piety, but rather stuffy. As a public man, I fail to see his claim to admiration. He was, to be sure, a first-rate agitator, but he was often on the wrong side, and like most agitators, he was not over scrupulous in the language he used to support his cause. He began his career as first lieutenant to Cobden in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and from the agitators' point of view the anti-Corn Law league was a great success. But with an impoverished agriculture and a ruined aristocracy, people are now beginning to ask themselves whether Disraeli was not right in his opposition to Peel, and whether the prophesy of futile repentance has not already come true.

Bright's opposition to Lord Shaftesbury's noble effort to protect the labour of women and children in factories and mines was perfectly discreditable, and brought upon

* "Life of John Bright." By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Constable & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

the Manchester school Lecky's criticism that the manufacturers of the north wished to reduce the price of bread in order to keep wages down, while refusing to diminish output by the shortening of hours. Bright stoutly opposed the folly of Lord Aberdeen's government in drifting into the Crimean War, and there he was on the right side; although his intervention had no effect, and was punished by the temporary loss of his seat in Parliament. He made a great many speeches in support of the extension of the franchise, a policy which has ended in the, to my mind, disastrous acceptance of universal suffrage.

But Bright was unquestionably the greatest orator of the Augustan age of English Parliamentary eloquence. All invective must, I suppose, be wounding in order to be effective. But some of Bright's repartees were unduly offensive. His description of the Army and the Navy as "a huge system of outdoor relief for the aristocracy" was outrageous. His retort, however, to Sir Charles Adderley, a dull Tory, was deserved. "The right hon. gentleman has remarked that Providence had lately afflicted me with brain disease. The friends of the right hon. baronet may derive some consolation from the knowledge that not even Providence could afflict him with a similar calamity." Bright was in truth a consummate artist in words, and had an innate sense of the rhythm of language not surpassed even by Burke. His power of pathos was wonderful. Mr. J. H. Morgan tells us that Lord Morley at the end of his life remarked upon the extraordinary effect produced by Bright's use of a colloquial incident. The passage from one of his Crimean speeches is well known but will bear repeating. "We all know what we have lost in this House. Here, sitting near me, very often sat the member for Frome (Colonel Boyle). I met him a short time before he went out, at Mr. Westerton's, the bookseller, near Hyde Park Corner. I asked him whether he was going out? He answered, he was afraid he was; not afraid in the sense of personal fear—he knew not that; but he said, with a look and a tone I shall never forget, 'It is no light matter for a man who has a wife and five little children.' The stormy Euxine is his grave; his wife is a widow, his children fatherless." The following

peroration from one of his American speeches is as highly wrought but more lyrical: "I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific Main," etc. The speeches are the man; on them let his fame rest. I venture to doubt Mr. Trevelyan's assertion that Bright gave up writing his speeches early in life: writers, like painters and poets, are rightly reticent upon their methods of workmanship. Bright was the last of the orators. True oratory has not only become unfashionable but impossible, for oratory requires leisure in the speaker to prepare, and leisure in the audience to listen. It is one of the graces of life, of which democracy has robbed us.

Books

POLITICS.

POLITICS AND WELFARE. By JOHN CALVIN BROWN. Brentano's, New York. $2.

IT is a trite saying, that a pound of practice is worth a ton of theory.

There is not a statesman in England at the present time but is asking himself the question: What is the present condition and what the prospects of British industry? and upon the answer to this question depend not only the prosperity but the very existence of Great Britain and the British Empire. Is it not therefore time, with 1,500,000 unemployed now and with the prospects of many thousands being added in the near future, that we ceased to be too proud to learn lessons from other peoples? That, in our desperate position, we put our economic theories, together with our pride, in our pockets and paid some heed to doctrines of Empiricism?

Are we so rich, so happy and contented, so confident of the future that we can afford to ignore the economic history of perhaps the only nation that we would recognize as being as great, or greater than ourselves?

To all statesmen and public men, of every party-political complexion, who yearn for their country's welfare and are prepared to take some risk in order to secure it, a study of the growth of the U.S.A. makes an insistent appeal, and an appeal, moreover, to devote their lives to securing in Great Britain a full consideration of the lessons to be derived from such a study. Should the eye of any past or present Prime Minister or Chancellor of the Exchequer fall upon "Politics and Welfare," may he be led to put aside all old prejudices, to study it with an open mind, and then commit himself to the task which lies before him. In this little book he will find all the facts and figures he requires, which may serve to explain the economic progress of the U.S.A.; the growth of its population from 31,000,000 in 1860 to over 110,000,000 at the present day; of its saving deposits from $45,000,000 (£9,000,000) to $7,350,000,000 (£1,470,000,000); of its Bank deposits from £1,500,000 to £5,000,000,000; of its steel production from 30,000 tons to close upon 50,000,000 tons; of its manufactures from £5,000,000 to £360,000,000; of a per capita wealth of £600. He can scarcely fail to come to the conclusion that this position has been attained as the result of putting national economic interests above those of Party-political expediency, nor, in comparing in the searching light of national and economic achievement the policy of the U.S.A. with that of Great Britain during the past fifty years, to recognize that the British Empire is as surely leading towards national and economic eclipse. The notable achievements of the U.S.A. are ascribed by the author to its consistent pursuit of a policy of "Protection,"

and he shows that such a policy is not necessarily identical with one of a general tariff; it is in the elastic and scientific application of her policy of Protection that lies the strength of her economic structure. He points out that in 1922 only 39·86 per cent. of imports into America had any duties to pay, the remaining 60·14 per cent. entering absolutely free of duty, and in 1923 the proportions were 42·66 against 57·34 per cent.

"Protection" in the U.S.A. stands for four great principles—*firstly*, a recognition of the fact that a nation can only prosper and develop by Production; *secondly*, that the great majority of consumers are, or ought to be, also producers in some capacity, and hence a policy directed towards fostering production also serves the interests of consumers (this point is dealt with at length by the author in reviewing the concurrent increased consumption of several basic commodities); *thirdly*, the fostering of Home industries; and *fourthly*, the retention of Home markets for Home manufactures. He shows the efficacy of this policy in Chapter 7: "It is a remarkable fact that the American Home market never failed during a period of protective tariffs to consume a minimum of 95 per cent. of its total manufactured products. The value of American manufactures increased from £4,000,000,000 in 1910 to £8,600,000,000 in 1922, and yet the Home market consumed 95 per cent. of these goods in 1910 and 96 per cent. of the more than doubled quantity in 1922"; while, in Chapter 5, presenting the other side of the picture: "During the four years 1890–93, the U.S.A. had the McKinley Protective Tariff, and during this period foreign imports amounted to £712,865,382, while during the preceding four years of low tariffs or 'Free Trade,' the imports only amounted to £711,561,125, or £1,304,257 less than they were under the four years of high tariffs. 'Free Trade,' which had demolished Home industries, had so much diminished the Home purchasing capacity, that there was no demand even for cheap foreign goods." He shows that these four "Free Trade" years, while suffering a reduction in income derived from import duties, were also a period of industrial and economic crises, of severe unemployment, of a reduction in bank and saving deposits, and in the general standard of living.

The same scientific treatment is meted out to all national interests, and agriculture is no exception, where Protection is called for to secure an adequate production. A duty of 30 cents—about 1s. 3d. per bushel of wheat imported, resulting in a Home production only 60 per cent. of which is required for Home consumption, the balance being available for export.

To quote only one other agriculture product—eggs—a duty of 5 cents (less than 2½d.) per dozen imposed in 1890, resulted in ten years in a reduction in imports by 10,000,000, a fall in price from 7½d. to 6d. per dozen, and a revenue from imports of over £200,000. In this connection it is well to bear in mind that Great Britain pays annually about £17,500,000 for her imported eggs and poultry. That every section of the community has gained by the policy of the U.S.A. is clearly demonstrated in a comprehensive review of the prevailing conditions. The cost of all essentials for industry has fallen enormously; as compared with Great Britain, wages are 130 per cent. higher, while the cost of living is only 28 per cent. higher, while to quote the author:

"In 1923 the people of New York bought more automobiles than the people of the entire world outside America," and the dictum of Daniel Webster is amply vindicated that "Where there is work for the hands, there will be work for the teeth."

V. A. M.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

ESSAYS AND SOLILOQUIES. By MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

MR. J. E. CRAWFORD FLITCH, the translator of these essays and soliloquies, visited the distinguished Spanish author in the island of Fuerteventura, to which place he had been banished because his political opinions were unpleasing to the Government. Here he selected, with the writer's concurrence, certain "torsos, arms, and heads of statuary," as Unamuno describes them in his preface, so as to present to the English-speaking world the spirit and savour of an extraordinarily interesting and arresting writer. "Something of the quixotesque passion which I have put into my work, and which is the life of my life." Quixotesque passion is a revealing phrase, for Señor Unamuno stands for mediaeval mysticism as opposed to the rationalism of the Renaissance; to him the knight of the sorrowful countenance is a portent representing the tragic nature of sincerity; in him he sees the healing salt of the essential Spaniard, a savour of life which modern European civilization at once ignores and needs. He confronts logic with passion, cynicism with faith, intellectual sensuality with that which can neither be proved nor disproved, but which is the stark beauty at the bottom of the human heart. This is his orientation roughly rendered; his method (English) is calm and reasonable enough; he asserts his credo and desires conflict, he is aware of the armour of his opponents, and desires to pierce it, or be himself penetrated by a finer-tempered lance. There is a clear directness, a transparent sincerity in his writings—nothing of the subtlety of the reactionary; indeed, he holds that the logical progress of civilization is in essence reaction to the true concept of the human adventure, and that a Cervantes, a Velasquez, an El Greco, and a Goya cannot spring from a soil too sophisticated by comfort and sterilized by the European ideals of progress and order. A strangely disturbing and strangely pleasing personality, full of quixotic passion and the grave simplicity of Spain.

HULLO AUSTRALIANS. By SEYMOUR HICKS. Duckworth. 5s.

IF all our truly eminent persons, popular comedians, great cricketers, successful jockeys, film stars, and pugilists, had the wit and the will to use their influence in the great cause of Imperial policy, we should very quickly have a lively sense of our world responsibilities and an instructed view of Anglo-Saxondom. This is no sneer at a man who has gained the public ear by ministering to our amusement; on the contrary, it is a wish—entirely vain, I fear—that other popular idols should rise to the height of their powers with the public mind with equal intelligence and discrimination. Mr. Hicks uses his knowledge of Australia and her problems as the motive for a very entertaining—a too entertaining—book, in which he conducts a British Mr. Green, and his still more British

servant, Bell, upon a tour to the great island continent, and brings them into contact with people to whom the pressing problem of White Australia is a vital question. The didactic part of the book is cleverly wrapped up in entertaining chat, but it is plain enough that Mr. Hicks is enthusiastically interested in the great world problems that the enormous area and potentialities of Australia and its huge vacant spaces present. We congratulate this inimitable actor upon his theme and his treatment; his book is sure of a wide audience amongst the very people who need awakening to a great opportunity and a pressing danger.

BIOGRAPHY.

NOTES ON JOSEPH CONRAD. WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS. By ARTHUR SYMONS. Myers & Co. 5s.

THIS is the sort of book, to quote Mr. H. G. Wells when he is being disrespectful, "that has the first sentence of Chapter I on page nine."

It has as a frontispiece a forceful, one might say fierce, portrait of Conrad, a little too forcefully and fiercely printed. But it is a portrait which bears out excellently Mr. Arthur Symons's conception of the man as sombre, sinister, and powerful; "'a face all nerves, distressed nerves,' vibrating to every sensation."

Conrad is shown as an artist of wonderful invention and of untiring effort in his art. But to Mr. Symons he is much more the genius, essentially "abnormal," delving into the blackness of the soul of man—"an elemental sarcasm discussing human affairs with cynical ferocity"; fascinated, but not morbidly, by the cruelty, corruption, fear, madness, and mystery of the world.

But in the end Mr. Symons does not seem to have made us capable of understanding Joseph Conrad any better. Perhaps he never hoped to.

FICTION.

THE MADONNA OF THE BARRICADES. By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE romantic adventures associated with first love, told by an English gentleman of position, comfortably married to quite another lady, must lose in thrill what it gains in historical perspective. This is Mr. Strachey's method of telling us all about the abortive revolution of '48, and tracing its organization to the Carbonari. Carlotta, "the madonna of the barricades" comes into the life of the youthful "George Chertsey" in an encounter in the New Forest. He admires, then loves, and becomes the almost willing instrument of this beautiful devotee; is initiated in the Adelphi arches, where he witnesses the judicial murder of a spy, and gains Carlotta's confession of love. From this point he sees all the great personages connected directly or indirectly with the secret international plot: Louis Napoleon and his beautiful mistress, Karl Marx, Lamartine, and others are seen as close-ups. Paris, before and during the revolution, with the days of the barricades, narrow escapes from death, and the loss of Carlotta, with incidental peeps at

the catacombs and sewers of Paris, and the hidden Black Mass—a remarkable reconstruction, full of interest and showing a wide grasp of European secret history, but lacking in the strong hold which an uncertain fate alone gives to a hero. The sort of book to amuse and charm the echoed reminiscences of the mature reader, to which dignified sept it will strongly appeal.

THE GREAT PANDOLPHO. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. John Lane. 7s. 6d.

"THE GREAT PANDOLPHO" is in Mr. Locke's most buoyant manner; it needs a certain bravura to carry the theme, because Sir Victor Pandolpho is heroic in scale. He has all the abounding energy and self-confidence of a Mussolini, but fate has been kind in providing him with a wholesome British housemaid for a mother—ballast which allows him to carry all sail and "crack on" without moral disaster. As an offset to this gigantic lover we have a particularly dainty and difficult war widow—an exquisite rock upon which this ocean of a man foams most gloriously—one does not quite understand what he sees in her, but then one never does; a volcano may love a lily. The other admirer, a lifelong lover, is much more upon her own scale, but he is also the appointed contrast, a dry precisian, the mirror of correctitude. It was in fact necessary for Mr. Locke to diminish the Jove-like scale of Pandolpho by a temporary infidelity and a financial eclipse to reduce him to proportions sufficiently human for the dainty lady of his love. We meet all sorts of delightful persons and live in most desirable places in this pleasing comedy of manners. Very good, but not Mr. Locke's masterpiece.

THE CRYSTAL CUP. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. John Murray, 7s. 6d. net.

"GITA CARTARET" is the precious distillation contained in the "Crystal Cup" of pellucid egotism: she is a beautiful young American girl, with all the advantages and no hampering relations—only ancestors—but she can't abide men, having seen too much of their so-called love for her beautiful widowed mother. To Gita enters a distinguished author, discreet enough to keep his passion in abeyance, his intellectual converse charms her, so, to conserve the proprieties she goes through the form of marriage (at a fancy dress ball), prepared to live happily, though separately, ever after. The husband woos and at last tries burglariously to compass his wife, gets shot for his pains, and sees his old friend the doctor conquer where he could only charm. This is the scenario of a story of modern American life, in which the young women talk psycho-analytical slang and are bent upon having a good time. One had hoped that Mrs. Atherton would have given us a picture of the normal American girl of to-day, to accompany her delightful studies of the recent past, for Gita Cartarets must be rare exceptions in mind, body, and estate—still, she does crystallize something of the egocentric attitude of girlhood up to date, and Mrs. Atherton certainly shows us a great deal of the delightfully decorative luxury in which the modern American girl has her being. That the story is admirably told goes without saying, but it is more a brilliant pathological study than a picture of Society.

UNCHANGING QUEST. By SIR PHILIP GIBBS. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

ARNOLD BENNETT once said, "to become a reformer is to a writer death as an artist." Perhaps in the case of Sir Philip Gibbs that is true. He is not a good novelist always. This novel starts badly; and then when we come to the war, which is still Sir Philip's inspiration—when the author ceases to sit on the fence and comes to have very definite opinions of his own—it becomes great.

The theme is big enough. The time is the last thirty-one years; the place mostly London and Moscow, and "the front." He tells us of the unchanging quest of Mankind to find the key to the riddle of life, to search for cosmic truth, to understand, and so to help, his own species which is so cruel and so incomprehensible a mixture—part idealist, part brute.

Sir Philip Gibbs goes on trying to teach us the hardest lesson of the war—that modern warfare has no glamour in it. . . . "The papers say there is to be a great victory march in Paris." I quote from "Unchanging Quest." "The soul of France will thrill at the sight of their flags and the music of war. All its horrors will be forgotten. . . . I would like to see a different kind of victory march, with all the wounded in the world, French and German and English . . ." The glamour of war stays only in men's hearts. And they think it a heroic virtue to keep it there—and not a very deadly, very dangerous, very silly sin. Needless to say that the book, like the theme, is full of interest.

POETRY.

CITY, SEA, AND COUNTRYSIDE. Verses by ARTHUR L. SALMON. Dent. 3s. 6d. net.

THIS selection from what must be a large volume of work written by Mr. Salmon gives the clue to his popularity—a popularity which finds him a place in the columns of almost every periodical in England where poetry is printed, and evokes from such a master as Joseph Conrad the tribute printed on the jacket. Arthur Salmon expresses with easy grace and culture the simple thoughts and emotions which are the common heritage. He gives us pictures of Nature and of city life marked by the quiet quality and sound craftsmanship of good etchings. There is nothing novel or startling, and no striving after effects. His is a conservative Muse, concerned with April, with Autumn, with human hopes and dreams and sorrows, and the old thoughts which have stirred poets from the beginning. His many admirers will be glad to have this well produced volume selected by himself.

THE LONDONER'S CHARIOT. By WILFRED THORLEY. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE are two Mr. Thorleys: the one a writer of magazine verse in imitation of Kipling, the other a much more serious poet. Both are represented in this volume; and for the sake of the second, writing thoughtfully and with understanding of Nature and man, we are fain to forget the first, singing in facile metres of commonplace affairs. Kipling did this with something akin to genius; his imitators, made the reaction to *vers libre* inevitable—extremes creating extremes. Many people will enjoy this book for the sake of the subjects: the cabby, the omnibus driver, bargees, and such, and for the joy of London and the sea.

South Africa

The Land of Outdoor Life

A first visit to South Africa is in many ways a joyous voyage of discovery.

The greatest revelation is the glorious climate, favouring every form of wholesome outdoor life throughout the year. For that reason alone South Africa makes an unfailing appeal as a land of travel and change.

In the larger centres there are comfortable hotels; sporting, social and dance clubs; turf clubs conducted under English rules; and all modern facilities for public amusements. Tennis on hard courts is a perennial pastime and so is golf. Riding and motoring, mountaineering and camping-out open up wider fields of interest and reveal the natural beauty of the country.

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If you contemplate a holiday in South Africa consult the Publicity Agent, Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. In the first instance write for Travel Book ("S.X.") "Land of the Outdoor Life" (gratis).

Reclamation of the South African Desert

By G. H. Lepper

(On Page 745)

Empire Notes

THE courageous challenge to the forces of disruption thrown down by Mr. Bruce seems to have driven home to both Nationalists and Country Party the need for unity in the face of the menacing situation that has arisen in the Commonwealth, which is beginning to feel the effects of the protracted interference with shipping movements. In spite of frantic efforts on the part of Australian Labour leaders to put an end to the strike of British seamen in order to secure a more favourable atmosphere for the general election, the trouble drags on and is inflicting heavy losses on both shipowners and Australian exporters. Mr. Bruce has announced that if, as he confidently expects, his Government is armed with a mandate by the Australian people, it will take all necessary steps to defeat the activities of the extremists who have captured the trade unions. He proposes to introduce legislation to restore to trade unionists the control over their

Australia and Communism

unions, officials, funds, and acts. This is to be achieved by making the secret ballot compulsory in union decisions. It is also proposed to strengthen the powers of the Arbitration Court, and to vest it with judicial power to enforce its awards. Prevention of overlapping in Commonwealth and State awards is also to be attempted. The whole Empire will watch the fight in Australia with deep interest, and this will be intensified in those parts—such as the Mother Country—where Red influences are dangerously active. The chief element of uncertainty as to the result lies in the difficulty of convincing the untravelled Australian electors of the reality of the Bolshevist attack against law and order in all parts of the world.

Mr. Bruce's Programme

WERE it not for the fact that the issue upon which the Commonwealth Parliament was dissolved overshadows all others the constructive programme put forward by Mr. Bruce at Dandenong, in the opening speech of his campaign, would have attracted much more attention than has been accorded to it. He proposes that the Commonwealth should provide £20,000,000, spread over ten years, to the States for roadmaking, and £3,000,000 for wire netting and the development of additional sheep pastures. To stimulate cotton production it is suggested that the present guarantee should be replaced by a bonus. Further action on the lines of the Export Guarantee Act and the rural credits department of the Commonwealth Bank may be expected as the Government believes that the scheme inaugurated, with the object of enabling orderly marketing to be carried out, is the germ of a great co-operative movement for handling the export surplus on a national basis. The Australian army programme contemplates the formation of five infantry and two cavalry divisions, with the necessary munitions and equipment. The naval construction programme includes the two cruisers and two submarines now on order, a seaplane carrier, a floating dock, and an oil depot in the Northern Territory. Naval construction will absorb £6,250,000, and, in addition to this amount, it is proposed to augment the sum voted in the 1923–24 estimates for defence by £1,000,000 annually. A national scheme of social insurance covering old age, sickness, and

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unemployment is also proposed, and it is interesting to trace the parallel between Conservative policy in Great Britain, and the election programme of the Australian constitutionalists—the Australian Labour Party, under its present leaders, can no longer be justly included in this category.

Position in New Zealand

ALTHOUGH the situation produced by the seamen's strike has not provoked similar political reactions in New Zealand, that Dominion seems to have been even more completely isolated by the immobilization of British vessels than its larger neighbour. Curiously enough in South Africa the only one of the three Southern Dominions in which Labour is in any way associated with the national administration, the strike, which was originally as complete in the Union as in the two sister States, has fizzled out as the result of the sailing of several vessels with scratch crews. It would, however, be a mistake to attach any particular significance to this conjunction.

NEW ZEALAND is to form a Dominion Settlement Association to organize increased immigration. It is proposed to form an immigration board, to control settlement schemes, to co-operate with the Government in the investigation of development and training projects, and to establish district committees to settle and assist newcomers. An extension of the nomination system was favoured by the conference of representatives of chambers of commerce, industrial associations, churches and other bodies at which the decision was taken to form the new association. According to *The Times* correspondent at Wellington the movement is regarded as the most promising yet initiated in this direction.

More Settlers Wanted

LESS than twenty-five years ago "We'll hang old Kroojer on a sour apple tree" was a much-sung parody of a popular American Civil War song. On October 10 many who had heartily endorsed this sentiment, and others to whom the dour old State President represented the embodiment of a fiercely cherished national ideal, met in harmony to honour the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Among the wreaths deposited on the Kruger monument in Pretoria was one from the King, laid there by the Governor-General—a tactful sequel to the similar action performed by the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to the city. It is impossible to judge the old president of the South African Republic by modern standards, for he was a primitive, if shrewd, personage, whose intellectual affinities were with the seventeenth-century Puritans rather than with the culture of nineteenth-century Europe. He looked upon Englishmen and "uitlanders" generally much as the Hebrew prophets must have regarded the Egyptians—dangerous neighbours who were best kept at a distance, though their gold had its uses. Yet to-day, whatever opinion we may hold of Paul Kruger and his place in history, old animosities are decently buried, and both the white South African races can unite without friction in honouring the memory of a patriot who acted according to his lights. The Kruger centenary celebrations are yet another demonstration of the unique character of the British Empire.

Paul Kruger's Centenary

Reclamation of the South African Desert

By G. H. Lepper

AIDED by two aeroplanes and their pilots—these have recently returned to Pretoria on completing their task—an expedition dispatched by the South African Government is now at work in the northern portion of the Kalahari, the immense expanse of desert or semi-desert which covers most of the Bechuanaland Protectorate and portions of the Cape Province and the South-West Protectorate. The object of the expedition is to obtain reliable data with a view to testing the practicability of the vast desert reclamation schemes which have been advocated for a number of years by Professor Schwarz, who occupies the chair of Geology at the Rhodes University College, Grahamstown. Professor Schwarz's views have been set out at length in his well-known book "Kalahari, or Thirstland Redemption," and in numerous articles. He is himself accompanying the present expedition, the personnel of which includes Dr. A. L. du Toit and three irrigation engineers. An anonymous donor offered to contribute £1,000 towards the cost of the survey if the Union Government would meet the remainder of the bill, and to this public-spirited citizen the credit for initiating the expedition must be given.

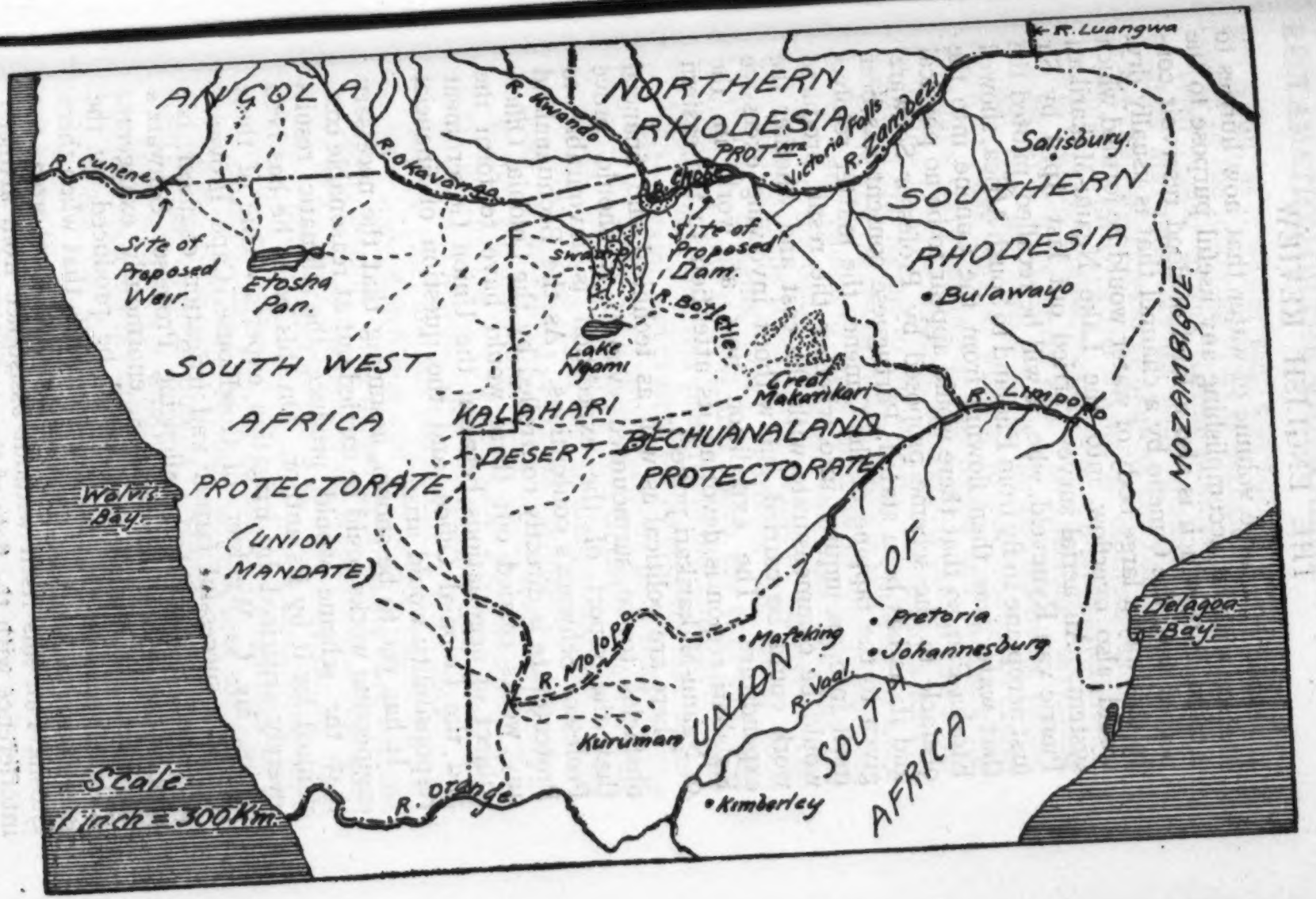
Put briefly, Professor Schwarz explains the increasing desiccation of the interior of Southern Africa, a fact which is abundantly supported by evidence, as a consequence of the drying up of the large lakes such as Ngami, the Makarikari and the Etosha Pan, and contends that the reduction of these lakes to reedy swamps or pans which only contain water in the rainy season has been produced by the tapping of the river systems which formerly filled them by the advance of the headstreams of the Zambezi and Cunene, which now carry to the sea the water that formerly flowed into the saucer-like depression

of the Kalahari. His idea is that by the construction of dams to divert the flow of water to its original course, the lakes would be restored with marked effects on the rainfall throughout the interior of South Africa. The lakes would also serve as storage reservoirs for large irrigation schemes.

According to Professor Schwarz, the whole of the Kalahari was once a fertile region watered by a great river that had its source in the highland region between Lakes Tanganyika and Nyasa. The upper portion of this great river, named by him the "Proto-Orange," is now the Luangwa, one of the northern tributaries of the Zambezi. At that time the Luangwa flowed south-westwards in the present channel of the middle Zambezi to a point a short distance below the Victoria Falls, and then, via the Soa pan and the Molopo river, to a junction with the present Orange river. The advance of the headstream of the Zambezi, then a short coastal river, eventually tapped the Luangwa and the upper Zambezi (which had formerly been a tributary of the Proto-Orange). Later the flow of the Okavango, which fed Lake Ngami from the west and also of the Kwando was tapped, most of their water being drained into the new Zambezi, leaving only a small proportion of its flood overflow to find its way into the Ngami-Makarikari system.

To restore the latter system Professor Schwarz proposes to dam the Chobe and prevent its waters and those of the Okavango reaching the Zambezi, thus diverting them back into Lake Ngami and causing the latter lake to overflow via the Botletle river into the Makarikari pan. The Botletle, it may be remarked, is a peculiar channel with little or no gradient, and it is said to be the case that when it carries water the flow is sometimes from Ngami to Makarikari and sometimes in the opposite direction. Professor Schwarz believes that in this way sufficient water is available to transform the Makarikari pan into a lake of 15,000 square miles. The evaporation of this permanent body of water would, he believes, exert a considerable influence on the rainfall of the surrounding region.

Farther west it is suggested that a weir across the Cunene, which forms the frontier between the South-West Protectorate and Portuguese Angola, would enable the


R. Luangwa
ANGOLA
R. Kwando
NORTHERN RHODESIA PROT.te
Victoria Falls
R. Zambezi
Salisbury
SOUTHERN RHODESIA
Bulawayo
MOZAMBIQUE
R. Cunene
R. Okavango
R. Chobe
Site of Proposed Weir
Etosha Pan
Swamp
Site of Proposed Dam
R. Boyale
Lake Ngami
Great Makarikari
SOUTH WEST AFRICA PROTECTORATE (UNION MANDATE)
KALAHARI DESERT
BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE
R. Limpopo
Walvis Bay
Mafeking
Pretoria
Johannesburg
Delagoa Bay
R. Molopo
R. Vaal
Kuruman
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA
Kimberley
R. Orange
Scale 1 inch = 300 Km.

diversion of a large volume of water that now hurries to the sea without accomplishing any useful purpose to the Etosha Pan, which is also a kind of flood reservoir connected with the Cunene by a channel that is usually dry. In this way a large body of water would be formed which would also overflow into the Lake Ngami-Makarikari system. An aerial survey carried out last April by Sir Pierrie van Ryneveld, who, it will be recalled, piloted the first aeroplane to fly from England to South Africa, showed that water was then flowing from the Cunene into the Etosha Pan, so that there would appear to be no physical obstacle to the scheme proposed by Professor Schwarz, and if, as has been stated, Portuguese consent has been given to the tapping of the Cunene, the matter resolves itself into an inquiry into whether the result produced would be commensurate with the cost and whether the work could be carried out without involving excessive expenditure. The expedition now at work in the Kalahari region is devoting its attention to the eastern or Ngami-Makarikari project.

There are political as well as technical and financial obstacles to be surmounted even if it should prove that the report of the expedition is favourable to Professor Schwarz's contentions. As the Bechuanaland Protectorate is directly controlled by the Colonial Office, any works carried out there would have to form the subject of negotiations between the Union Government and the Colonial Office, and the question of financial responsibility would arise.

It has yet to be shown, assuming that the necessary engineering works could be carried out at reasonable cost, that the scheme would produce the climatic results claimed for it by its author. On this point he has been severely criticized by irrigation experts. One of these critics, Mr. C. Weidner, of Goodhouse, Cape Province, who is a successful farmer and irrigation engineer, has published a pamphlet challenging Professor Schwarz's conclusions which, he declares, enormously exaggerate the effect on rainfall that would be produced by the Kalahari scheme. Mr. Weidner contends that when there is a heavy rainfall in the Cunene catchment area, the Etosha Pan fills itself without assistance from artificial interference with the flow of the river, but that when the

pan is full, as it was in 1903 and 1921, the effect on the rainfall of the following years is negligible.

With regard to the Ngami-Makarikari project, Mr. Weidner also puts forward some interesting views. He denies that headstream erosion by the Zambezi has had anything to do with the drying up of these lakes, and asserts that the trouble was caused by human interference a little over forty years ago. Mr. Weidner says that Morimi, who was then chief of the natives living to the north of Lake Ngami, wishing to put a stop to Arab-Bechuana slave raiding in this region and to check the incursions of Boer hunters, decided to cut off the water supply of the region to the south. He found a narrow section of the Okavango a few miles north-west of Lake Ngami, and caused a large number of the palm trees growing on the banks to be cut down so that they fell with their crowns towards the middle of the river. The Okavango, bringing down debris of all kinds, soon completed a solid dam against which the mud and sand in suspension in the river piled itself, blocking up the inlet into Lake Ngami, and causing the level of the lake to sink until it no longer had any water to pass along to the Makarikari via the channel of the Botletle except during heavy rains.* The result was an almost complete drying up of all the associated system of channels.

Morimi was himself a victim of his own device. The Okavango, unable to flow into Lake Ngami, spread over an immense low-lying area to the north of the lake, washed the chief and his people out of their homes, and turned a once flourishing and productive region into an unhealthy swamp. The deeper depressions have become rivers which carry the bulk of the waters of the Okavango via the Chobe into the Zambezi, and only during flood periods does water find its way into Lake Ngami from these swamps, and then in insufficient quantities to fill the old lake bed. Mr. Weidner admits that the damage done by man could be undone in similar fashion.

There is, however, another aspect of the matter which requires very full investigation. The Kalahari area, like the Sahara, the desert area of North America, the west

* In the map of this region in *The Times* Survey Atlas the area of swamp to the north of Lake Ngami is marked "Moremi's water," apparently a variant of the name of the same chief.

coasts of South America and South Africa, Arabia, the interior of Asia and much of Australia, lies in a wind desert zone. There are two of these belts, one in the northern and one in the southern hemisphere, and in both progressive desiccation seems to be at work. The existence of deserts in the immediate neighbourhood of Lake Chad and the Great Salt Lake in Utah, suggests that the evaporation from a comparatively large water surface produces a very small effect on the local rainfall in a region swept by the dry winds of the desert belts.

The tendency towards destruction of shallow lakes by the growth of reeds must also be taken into account. The marginal reeds transpire great quantities of water—this transpiration may even exceed the evaporation from the surface of the lake—and in a flat country the spread of the reeds tends to force the water over an ever-increasing area until the surface becomes so large that evaporation and transpiration exceed the flow of the rivers feeding the lake, with the result that a marsh only containing water in the rainy season is produced. Consequently there are reasons for doubting whether, neglecting all considerations of effect on rainfall, even the use of such pans as Makarikari as storage areas for irrigation purposes would be permanently practicable unless effective steps could be taken to prevent the growth of reeds.

These considerations indicate that a very close investigation of the Schwarz scheme is required before any definite proposal to spend money on carrying out the task of diverting rivers in the Kalahari or Ovamboland can be placed before the Parliaments at Westminster or Cape Town. Inquiry of the fullest kind is certainly very desirable, since the spread of desiccation in the interior of South Africa is a menace of so serious nature that it would be well worth while to remove at considerable cost if this could be done with any guarantee of success. The report of the present expedition will undoubtedly throw a good deal of light on the problem, and since Professor Schwarz has been given the opportunity of explaining his scheme on the actual ground, he will at any rate be unable to complain that he has not been given every facility for proving his case, whatever the findings of the expedition may be.